The Nation.

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The Week.

The frantic appeals to President Roosevelt to save the railways from the wrath of the State Legislatures ignore one or two important considerations. Men whose eyes are fixed on Wall Street are naturally much perturbed by a fall in stocks; and they seem to think that the whole country is equally worried. As a matter of fact, however, the farmers of the West and the laboring classes generally are pleased, if anything, to see "the Wall Street sharks" get into trouble. These sentiments, reprehensible though they may be, are a force to be reckoned with in politics. If the constituencies of our Western Legislatures were made up of New York bankers and brokers, the events of the last few days might deeply impress the minds of law-makers in Kansas and Nebraska and move them to stay their hands; but such is not the case. The true way to get at the Western Legislatures is to allay the irritation of their constituencies by removing the very ground of complaint against the railways. The restrictive legislation, proposed or actually passed in so many States, is simply the flaming of a long-smouldering hatred of corporations and particularly of railways—a retaliation for a series of vexations and injuries, for the greed, the duplicity, and the unfairness of men like E. H. Harriman. The path out of this thicket in which the railways are tangled is not easy, but it is possible. W. C. Brown, senior vice-president of the New York Central Lines, points it out in his demand "for a restoration of public confidence, based upon the widest publicity of corporation affairs and absolute fairness, equality, and stability of rates." In the columns of talk in which our railway managers have recently indulged, no utterance has been sounder or more pertinent. President Roosevelt cannot, if he would, "call off" the Legislatures and Governors. If the rebates, the discriminations, and the injustices continue, Mr. Bryan, Mr. Hearst, or some other man will lead a yet more furious agitation against the railways. But if Mr. Brown and his friends get together in a "gentleman's agreement" to carry out in letter and in spirit the policy of fair dealing which he urges, they will disarm the agitator and the demagogue. On no other terms can the railways secure peace.

The railroads are not alone in refusing to play under the new rules. The owner of a ranch in Wyoming has just decided to sell it because of the new policy regarding range lands. The ranch was large, but its superior size was partly due to the fact that forty-five miles of its fencing was erected on a tract belonging to the United States. With those fences down, the managers of the concern declare that business will be unprofitable. Undoubtedly, there will be other owners to follow this example. When they put up illegal fences, they were only conforming to a general practice which local sentiment condoned. In this matter of the public lands President Roosevelt has an excellent chance to test his old theory that the best way to repeal an obnoxious law is to enforce it. Congress again adjourned without having provided rules for the real needs of legitimate business on the range, in the forest, and the mine. Every new victim of the unfair and inadequate regulations will add an influence to the force that must ultimately secure reform.

In accordance with his bargain with the indicted Mayor of San Francisco, President Roosevelt has signed an order that "Japanese or Korean laborers, skilled and unskilled, who have received passports to go to Mexico, Canada, or Hawaii and come therefrom, be refused permission to enter the continental territory of the United States." For this virtual exclusion of the Japanese the President offers the following reason:

> Whereas, upon sufficient evidence produced before me by the Department of Commerce and Labor I am satisfied that passports issued by the Government of Japan to citizens of that country or Korea, and who are laborers, skilled or unskilled, to go to Mexico, to Canada, and to Hawaii, are being used for the purpose of enabling the holders thereof to come to the continental territory of the United States, to the detriment of labor conditions therein;

We should be glad to know the evidence which proves the President mistaken when he said in his annual message of 1906:

> Here and there a most unworthy feeling has manifested itself toward the Japanese—the feeling that has been shown in shutting them out from the common schools in San Francisco and in mutterings against them in one or two other places, *because of their efficiency as workers.*

We need not argue the rights or wrongs of President Roosevelt's surrender to the basest of our "labor" demagogues. We merely quote again from the President's own words:

> The Japanese have won in a single generation the right to stand abreast of the foremost and most enlightened peoples of Europe and America; they have won on their own merits and by their own exertions the right to treatment on a basis of full and frank equality.

There spoke the true American spirit of fair play and generosity; and the President clinched his argument by the assertion that "It is only a very small body of our citizens that act badly." To that body of offenders the President of the United States now joins himself.

Nothing definite has been given out at Washington about the extension of the trade *modus vivendi* with Germany. It has been assumed that the North Commission succeeded in establishing the basis for a temporary agreement which does not involve change in the tariff schedules. The President has a certain power accorded him by Section 3 of the Tariff Law; but Prince von Bülow is dependent upon the farming element for support in the new Reichstag, and something more than the concession which the President is empowered to make will be needed in order to satisfy the German Agrarians. If changes are to be made fairly reciprocal, they must be in the customs administrative act, in the enforcement of which a considerable degree of discretion rests with the Secretary of the Treasury. German exporters have objected to the method adopted by our customs officials in determining the value of merchandise sent to this market. They have also objected to secret inquiries made in alleged cases of under-valuations. If our customs officials could be authorized to accept as conclusive the valuations which the Germans themselves put upon their exports, the arrangement might well be considered fully the equivalent of any concessions that the German Government may grant to the United States. Paraphrasing Andrew Fletcher, the German manufacturer could say: "I care not what the *ad-valorem* duties of a country may be, provided I am able to make the prices upon which these duties are to be paid."

With every man coming forward with an original explanation of the money stringency and the stock-market panic, it is not strange that the women should begin. An "authority on women's dress," lecturing in Chicago this week, advanced the theory that it is the duty of every patriotic lady, whether or not a Daughter of the Revolution, to buy as many and as costly gowns as possible, and to throw them away after a few wearings. Only so can the mills making dress-goods be kept going, and dividends be paid upon the billions invested. Hence if there is just now "a financial cloud" upon our horizon, let the women hasten to "dispel" it by redoubling their

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purchases of purple and fine linen. This financial gospel is as good as any other that praises waste. Logically, it is just as sound as the protective system, or any plan of "making work," instead of seeking to obtain advantageously the products of work. We may smile at this dressmaker dropping into finance, but she is at least as wise as T. V. Powderly, at whose feet our public men were anxious to sit twenty years ago; and her praise of extravagant luxury as the cure for our financial ills has a respectable precedent in Mandeville's "Private Vices a Public Benefit."

The very general expression of goodwill and respect called forth by Mr. Cleveland's seventieth birthday has more than a personal significance. No doubt, the ex-President's qualities are of the kind which wear well with time, and a greater liking for the man has come with the passing years. But the peculiar tribute to him rests on public grounds. People are glad to testify their regard for the type of official embodied in Mr. Cleveland, and for the good causes for which he so firmly stood. In all this, it is not only the interval of time since he left office, but what has happened during it, that has helped his reputation. His fellow-citizens have fresh reason to recall with gratitude his simple, dogged sticking to his duty, without clamor or advertising; his grim determination to keep the rudder true, whether in storm or calm, instead of being both fickle and vehement; his exaltation of the plain virtues; his clear grit in fronting trades-unions; and his veto of a bill to keep out needed emigrants, with no eating of his own words or dickering with discredited labor leaders. Whether by the lapse of time, with its softening of political animosities, or by the force of contrast, it is certain that Mr. Cleveland has come to occupy a high place in the admiring affection of his countrymen.

A plan of action outlined by one of the men connected with the new Russell Sage Foundation is certainly comprehensive. The trustees, according to this authority, may do anything and everything. They may sell life insurance at cost to "poor scrubwomen of middle age, making $5 or $6 a week," send tuberculous bread-winners for a needed rest to the mountains, study the causes of tuberculosis and of "other diseases and social evils," work for the enforcement of the tenement-house regulations or put up model tenements themselves, sell coal, food, and medicines in small quantities at wholesale prices, assist publications connected with charitable work, supply meals and eyeglasses for school children, and other things. This may on the face of it seem too large a programme, even though it was evidently just thrown off in a first flush of enthusiasm; but it is nevertheless well to recognize how wide is the field of effort for social-welfare and how cramping to the spirit of charity the setting up of narrow bounds and rigid standards of action. Says the authority to whom we have referred:

> We used to think that poverty arose largely from defects of character, drinking habits, shiftlessness, and such causes. Now we know that in the complex social conditions it may arise from vastly different causes, and that an upright, average citizen may find himself "up against it" really through no fault of his own.

We confess to disappointment with the majority report of the Committee on Athletic Sports of the Harvard Overseers and Corporation, adopted last week by the Overseers. The twelve recommendations are all worth while, but none of them is thoroughgoing. To cut down the expenses, to complete the payments on the far too costly Stadium, and to finish the development of Soldiers' Field, to endeavor to do away with professional coaches by coöperation with other colleges, to encourage undergraduates to take interest in the management of athletics to reduce the number of intercollegiate contests—all these reforms are well enough. The pity is, however, that, unlike President Eliot, the joint committee of the Overseers and Corporation has not a word to say about the brutalities of football, the excesses which follow in the train of intercollegiate contests, or the general unsettlement of college ideals and habits as a result of disproportionate attention to athletics. To Moorfield Storey belongs the credit of submitting a minority report. He does not believe that the recommendations of the majority, while steps in the right direction, are adequate. He urges the abolition of football, and he would have the Athletic Committee subject to the authority of the Faculty of Arts and Sciences. The college teachers know best what athletics means; yet, as they have no control over the Athletic Committee, they can have no direct influence upon the conduct of the games. Mr. Storey's point, that recommendations like those now adopted have been of little or no avail in the past, is well taken. It is an educational cancer with which Harvard has to deal—at least so far as football is concerned—and Columbia University alone has shown how to operate on it radically.

The situation in Central America is perfectly simple. Honduras is at war with Nicaragua over a strip of territory which both sides own and both sides agreed to submit to arbitration. Both sides are winning; the Nicaraguans have apparently occupied the capital of Honduras and the Hondurans seem to have occupied the capital of Nicaragua. Evidently, then, all that is left to be done is for the combatants to turn about and fight their way back after President Zelaya of Nicaragua has recognized the revolutionary government of Honduras and President Bonilla of Honduras has recognized the revolutionary government in Nicaragua. President Zelaya, of course, is an enemy of President Bonilla, because President Bonilla overthrew an earlier President Bonilla of Honduras, who was a friend of President Zelaya and had helped him overthrow *his* predecessor. Salvador is getting ready to join Honduras, in which case Guatemala will join Nicaragua, in which case Costa Rica will join Salvador and Honduras, in which case the Big Stick——

Monday's dispatches announce the expected arrival at the Abyssinian capital of a French mission to "confer with Emperor Menelek on a railway building project." Presumably, the object is to treat of no new undertaking, but to facilitate the construction of the railway already projected from Jibuti to Adis Abeba and, by the end of 1903, completed over the first section from the former point to Diré-Dawa, some forty miles from Harar. Beyond that point the progress of the railway was, in spite of a liberal Government subsidy, blocked by the financial difficulties of the French construction company, and by the hostility of the Abyssinian Emperor, who was supposed to be acting under British influence. The agreement of April 8, 1904, in ranging Great Britain on the side of France, removed the second obstacle to the progress of the railway, and on December, 1905, it was reported that work had been begun on The Harar-Adis Abeba section. The financial question, however, remained a pressing one. Public opinion in France was greatly exercised when it was discovered that the French construction company had practically mortgaged itself to the International Æthiopian Railway Trust of London, and that a national undertaking was in danger of falling into foreign hands. In 1906 an agreement was concluded between Great Britain, Italy, and France, providing for the internationalization of the railway, with a predominant French control. The third section of the railway from Adis Abeba westward is expected to join the Cape-to-Cairo railway, which will run through Abyssinian territory.

If the recent dispatch announcing the virtual conclusion of a commercial agreement between Belgium and the Netherlands be correct, negotiations must have been carried on with a degree of haste and secrecy exceptional in such circumstances. The union of the

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two countries in a *Zollverein* has long been advocated in both, but up till recently the scheme was regarded as more or less utopian. On the face of things, an alliance between the two Rhine and North Sea States would greatly change the political situation in Northwestern Europe. Germany, for instance, or at least the Pan-Germanists, would have to reckon with the opposition of some thirteen millions of people, of whom the greater part are by no means anxious to be deprived of independent political existence. Public opinion in France has naturally favored the proposed economic union as tending to throw the weight of the French-Belgian population against the German influence in Teutonic Holland. The gain to the two parties to the contract would be reciprocal. Belgium might find in the Dutch East Indies a market, a source of raw material, and a valuable *point d'appui* for a commercial campaign in Eastern Asia. The Netherlands would be in a position to discount the growing rivalry both of the German and Belgian ports. Antwerp, as a result of magnificent dock and river improvements, has been spoken of as the leading European port of the near future. The commercial rank of a Dutch-Belgian *Zollverein* would be above that of Germany and the United States, and second only to that of Great Britain. In 1904 Holland's total commerce was valued at $1,760,000,000 and Belgium's at $1,655,000,000.

Of the situation in Russia, not the least puzzling feature is the militant attitude of the Social Democrat deputies in the Duma. While the Constitutional Democrats, the peasant deputies, and the Socialist Revolutionaries have been exhibiting a degree of self-restraint which last year would have brought down on them the ugly name of reactionary, the Social Democrats have manifestly been spoiling for a fight from the very opening of the Duma. And yet in theory it is not for the interest of that party to bring about a breach with the Government so long as there is hope of securing partial concessions in the form of real liberty of speech and the press. The Social Democrats are followers of Marx; it is their creed that Russia must pass through the cycle of economic evolution traced by that thinker, before she can be truly free. That is, she must become industrial and capitalistic as the nations of the West have become, before the perfect, Socialistic state can be established. But such a process is purely economic. Whether Russia's government in the meantime is a Constitutional monarchy or a republic should make no difference to the Marxian theorist, provided he be given the right to proclaim his theories by word of mouth and in writing, and to work for them through some form of representative government. It is curious, then, that when the auspices are not unfavorable for the establishment of a tolerable *régime* in the matter of freedom of political conscience, the Social Democrats should be anxious to wreck chances of a compromise with the Government. A possible explanation may be found in the fact that the second great party of the Radical Left, the Socialist Revolutionary-Group of Toil (peasant) combination, has gone over to a policy of moderation. This also is, theoretically, an anomaly, inasmuch as the Socialist Revolutionary ideal calls for a complete social upheaval *at once*. Why should they be willing to debate amnesty and freedom of speech when their aim should seemingly be to bring things to a crisis, even if it be a bloody one? One reason probably is that the peasants are evidently not ready for an armed conflict. Time must be gained, and some constructive work must be accomplished in the Duma in order to retain the party's hold. This reason does not count with the Social Democrats. Their strength is among the urban workingmen who are as revolutionary as they have ever been; besides, this is the party's first official appearance, for it was practically unrepresented in last year's Duma. Hence it must try its lungs and shout a bit as Aladyin and his followers did last year.

Elections were held for the Finnish Diet, last week, and women not only voted on a full equality with men, but had no less than eighty candidates in the field. The Diet is no longer a body of four estates and chambers, but a true National Assembly of one house elected by universal suffrage. Finland's vicissitudes under Nicholas II. have been as remarkable as those of any fabled child of fortune. Self-governing up to about the end of the nineteenth century, enslaved by the Russian autocracy in the course of the next five years, she took occasion of the general strike in Russia in October and November, 1905, to recover her liberties practically in a single day; and not only that, but to establish a completely democratic régime. Evidently the Finns are blessed as few nations on earth with a genius for political progress through peace. Less than a year ago at the time of the Sveaborg mutiny, Finland had a socialistic Red Guard and a conservative White Guard, and civil war seemed imminent. To-day, we are told, "the most acute question before the electorate is that of the total prohibition of the sale of liquor."

Irish measures are soon to engross the attention of Parliament. Chief-Secretary Birrell announced last week that the Government bill granting Ireland a degree of home rule would be introduced soon after Easter. As a preliminary, the Ministry proposes to repeal the Crimes Act. This is the special criminal procedure devised for Ireland, the application of which always makes the blood of Irishmen boil, and embitters them against England more than any other grievance which could be mentioned. Irishmen do not like to be put beyond the pale of the ordinary law, any better than did our colonial ancestors. It is some time now since the Crimes Act has been enforced. There was no occasion for it during the last years of the Balfour Government. Since the Liberals came in, it has been, as Mr. Birrell has declared, "dead and buried"; but the Unionists object to having it removed from the statute books. It doubtless will be, however. Englishmen could give Irishmen no better earnest of an intention to treat them fairly.

An echo of the Longfellow Centenary comes in the form of a letter to the London *Spectator* from the Rt. Rev. H. C. G. Moule, Bishop of Durham. He notes, as have many Americans, that in a recent patronizing and pretentious review, Longfellow is described as "chiefly read and valued to-day by children, and by the men and women who have never passed their mental childhood." The Bishop of Durham, however, confesses to "a recent access of delight" in Longfellow's thought and diction, "during a short time of enforced leisure, and of that sort of fatigue which asks for literature at once charming in form and gentle with the gentleness which comes, not of the weakness, but the sweetness of the mind." The Bishop, going over verse with which he had been familiar for years, and also over certain poems that were new to him, was "struck, not only with the sweetfulness of the poetry, but with its frequent brilliancy and perfection of diction." This appreciation of Longfellow by a man of wide reading and cultivated taste, is simply fresh proof—though none is needed—that youth and impudence, often such attractive qualities, are not the making of a sound critic either in art or literature. It is easy to be young and cocksure; to declare from the fulness of your ignorance that this unknown author is the greatest of the age, and this established classic the worst. If you do this with sufficient vivacity of phrase in the newspapers and the cheap magazines, you can make a tremendous noise and acquire a reputation for omniscience—among your intellectual inferiors. But to discriminate is harder; to understand and value the excellences of a poem may require some background of literature, some standards of comparison. All of which truth is inevitably wasted if cast before the unabashed youths who need it most.

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THE DREAD OF DISARMAMENT.

Apparently, each armed nation fears nothing on earth except a discussion of disarming. The series of protests against so much as mentioning the subject at The Hague Conference is getting pretty long. Austria cannot bear the thought. Germany shrinks back affrighted at the very idea. In France, the "pacifists" are denounced as the plague of mankind. Behind the English Premier a political and Jingo back-fire is being kindled, to lead him to abandon, if possible, his humane proposal. What the opinion may be at Washington, the world has not been informed; but from many previous utterances we infer that it would not be unlike that of the German Government as reported on Saturday:

> Because of the sincerely peaceable sentiments which prevail in Germany, the proposal to disarm contains for Germany much that is enticing. The closer one examines it, however, the stronger become the objections to the proposal itself and its treatment by international arrangement.

This is certainly a novelty in human affairs. To bring up a proposal which all hands agree to be excellent in itself, to be, in fact, a matter both pressing and enticing, and then to conclude that it must not be even debated at a gathering of all the parties interested, would surely impress an observer from the planet of the god of war himself as an example of perverse reasoning. The attitude is more than paradoxical; it is outright whimsical. It is as if all the strong men armed in the world stood up and, in the spirit of Bismarck, boasted that they feared nothing but God, but when a few weaklings invited them to consider the limitation of armaments by international agreement, should then betray the greatest alarm and say that they could not answer for the consequences if any rash delegate should even lisp the word disarmament at The Hague.

These fears are not only comic, but belated. It is no new thing that has suddenly been thrust upon the astonished nations. Proposals to disarm, or at any rate to reduce armaments and their crushing burdens, date back at least forty years in European diplomacy. They were put at the very front of the programme for the first Hague Conference. As Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman shrewdly argues, if it was not a folly or a crime to urge their discussion then, it cannot be now. What has happened since, to work the change? When people talked before about the Czar Disarmer, there were those who joined in the unmanly suspicions to which Kipling gave coarse expression in his "Truce of the Bear"; but even the most inveterate enemy of Russia could not now picture her as scheming to weaken her rivals so that she might catch them unawares and strike with her own military might undiminished. And if it be said that no appreciable result followed the discussion of disarmament in the first Conference at The Hague, is that a good reason for dreading its debate again this year? If the arguments against disarming are so overwhelming, the champions of great navies and big battalions should jump at the chance of meeting their enemies in the gate and routing them. This nervous fear of even speaking of the subject above a whisper will make the world think that they are not so sure of their case.

These timid warriors base their objections, they say, on "practical" grounds. There are so many other important measures to come up at The Hague that it would be a pity to take up time uselessly in talking about an international agreement to limit present armaments, or to refrain from enlarging them. This was the position taken by Chancellor von Bülow last January. No one could be more peace-loving than he, but he added, with his ready turn for French phrase, *qui trop embrasse mal étreint;* and intimated that the Hague Conference would be more useful in debating how to care for men wounded in war, than how to prevent their being wounded. But it is a new doctrine that there is harm in even talking about a measure which poets and seers have dwelt upon for generations, and which philanthropists versed in affairs and jurists skilled in international law have been in recent years more and more coming to think not only ideal, but within reach.

For our part, we do not believe that, however the official programme may be clipped and guarded, the subject of disarmament can be kept out of the Hague Conference. Grave diplomatists will not forever be content to deal with the incidental without going back to causes. As civilization advances into our West, men give up going about as walking arsenals, and leave to the police and the courts the protection of their property and the maintenance of their rights. But nations, we are informed, cannot show as much sense as individual Bill and Jake and Hank, but must carry three revolvers in the belt and a knife in each boot and a shotgun slung across the back, and must, moreover, refuse even to discuss the advisability of getting rid of their fighting impedimenta and acting like civilized beings.

THE TROUBLE WITH WALL STREET

So violent a collapse in Stock Exchange prices as has just occurred, following a three months' decline which had itself cut 10 to 25 per cent. from foregoing values, is generally ascribed, by intelligent men, to the previous condition of the stock market itself, to the state of the money markets, here and abroad, to the financial and commercial outlook generally—in short, to the economic situation which of necessity governs the price of stocks. It appears, however, that some of our present-day experts find themselves able to do without such humdrum reasoning. Certain of our quidnuncs announce the highly interesting discovery that "the country's values are no longer dependent solely, or even chiefly, upon economic factors"; and that the trouble is due to proposals for legislative regulation of the railways at Washington and in the States.

Now, it must be conceded that reasons which waive all financial causes for a financial phenomenon, are something new in the study of economics. We might also remark, if disposed to cavil, that the great part of the restrictive legislation, which, to the exclusion of all other causes, is crushing stock markets, was pending or proposed in the months of last autumn when the stock market, under the reputed lead of railway "magnates" themselves, was advancing by leaps and bounds. But this point we shall not labor. If the assertion that nothing but "hostility to railroads" is responsible for the break in stocks be true, then by all means let the facts be known. If it be false, no time should be lost in ending the mischievous delusion. A blundering diagnosis, when the patient is suffering severely, may do incalculable harm.

Looking at the situation in the broadest way, we can cite at least four reasons for the recent phenomena of the Stock Exchange. Let us grant that the "anti-railroad demonstration," especially as described and denounced by railway officers, has operated not only to deter investors from buying railway stocks, but to cause actual selling. A banker familiar with the recent situation would undoubtedly add to this, first, that Stock Exchange values were forced up, last autumn, to a level where the yield to investors, at the price, was barely half what capital could earn elsewhere; second, that recent public disclosure of sharp practice in railway finance, by important railway "insiders," had spread distrust of their methods in the market; third, that the money market, at home and abroad, was in a highly abnormal condition, calling for some relief, which might be obtained through reducing the burden of Stock Exchange liabilities.

We shall not assert that any one of these well-known influences is paramount. We would, however, draw particular attention to the money market, because, in the view of all expert financiers, that is the phase which is most perplexing, and which, in its eventual bearing on all markets, cannot fail to be fundamental. It is now more than a year since all great money markets of the world—our own and London's notably—began to show signs that

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capital was overstrained. Last year's New York money rates and bank reports repeatedly betrayed the weakest position shown at the time of year in more than a quarter of a century. The Bank of England's discount rate, the index to London's financial condition, was kept for thirteen weeks at the maximum figure of the past thirty-three years, and is now at the highest quotation reached during March in a still longer period; while the Imperial Bank of Germany, which largely reflects the Continental markets, held its rate throughout February at the highest figure ever maintained during that season.

These are well-known facts, and they are not new. Competent bankers and financial critics have been calling attention during eighteen months to the progressive development of the strain on money. We do not recall this in order to excite alarm; on the contrary, we believe that the long and persistent forcing of these facts on the attention of the investing public and Wall Street has greatly diminished the possible danger of their consequences. Whatever else may be said of the present situation, it has not caught financial and business communities off their guard. Even the Stock Exchange has been fully aware of the state of things, and it would unquestionably have been better prepared for all possible results but for last autumn's reckless attempt to stir up a wild "bull movement"—an action credited, rightly or wrongly, to some of the very men who are now crying loudest that the whole trouble lies in "hostility to the railways."

Through no merit of these people, the mischief they caused—which, in its ramifications, extended even to European markets—has been in large degree counteracted. Stock Exchange liquidation, the puncturing of Wall Street bubbles, the release to legitimate trade of capital improperly tied up in speculation, have corrected a great part of the evil. In the financial markets, this is a time to be careful and observant, but it is not necessarily a time to be pessimistic. It was in last September and November, when our high financiers were speculating for the rise and advancing dividends right and left, that the financial horizon was really blackest. None the less, when markets are so disturbed and uncertain as to-day, it is not an occasion for loose experimentation.

THE HUNGER-STRIKE.

The strike as a political weapon has been improved and utilized to an amazing extent during the last few years. In various forms we have had it in Europe and in Asia. China has made use of the commercial boycott against America. The natives of Bengal have refused to purchase British manufactures as a protest against alleged misrule. The inhabitants of Teheran wrested a Constitution from the late Shah by deserting the capital *en masse*, and thus threatening to leave their ruler absolute, but in a vacuum. In Russia, of course, the foundations of liberty were laid by the great general strike of October, 1905; and in Austria the threat of a general strike was sufficient to drive the Government into granting universal suffrage. Whatever complexion these different movements may have assumed, they were all alike in recognizing the advantages of passive resistance, for a weak cause, over protest by force, and of the principle of abstention over that of action. Probably the latest development in this field is the so-called "hunger-strike."

At the opening of the University of Lemberg in Austrian Galicia in the latter part of January, there were violent demonstrations as a result of the refusal of the Ruthenian students to take the prescribed oath in Polish as heretofore. The Ruthenians in Galicia constitute the bulk of the agricultural population, and are tyrannized over with quite as much consistency by the Poles as the Poles are by their German masters in Posen. About eighty Ruthenian students were thrown into prison, and held for more than three weeks without trial, until they resorted to the proclamation of a hunger-strike. It lasted three days, till it succeeded in attracting the attention of the outside world. The Vienna press protested against the outrage, and the "strikers" were released.

Russia, which has enjoyed exceptional facilities for developing numerous forms of resistance to oppression, has made most extensive use of the hunger-strike. George Kennan, in his "Siberia," speaks of the practice as common among the Russian exiles when the tyranny of their jailers has become intolerable. A more recent illustration, falling within the last few months, aroused attention in this country. It came in connection with the death of a woman revolutionist who was killed by a sentinel, without provocation, while looking out of the window of her cell in a St. Petersburg prison. When the news had circulated through the other cells, after the mysterious manner of intercommunication developed by the Russian revolutionists, the prisoners demanded that the body of the victim be shown to them, and, when this was refused, proclaimed a hunger-strike. The affair became known, and such was the feeling of horror in the capital that a Government whose record for nearly half a year has been five executions by drumhead court-martial per day, saw itself forced to grant the demand of the "strikers," and to take steps for the punishment of the authorities responsible for the murder.

The inner idea of the hunger-strike goes further back than Russia, however. It is the conception which underlies the hara-kiri of the Japanese, that of inflicting upon ourselves the punishment which we are powerless to visit upon our enemy. Resistance to attack or injury is a primal instinct, and our ordinary defensive efforts are mechanically reactive. When the Oriental or the emotional Westerner smites his breast, or wrings his hands, or tears at his hair in the face of calamity, it may be due largely to the fact that there is no physical enemy present to receive the impact of fury born of injury and pain. But undoubtedly there is also present in the theory of the hunger-strike the primitive fear of innocent blood on one's hands. "My blood on thy head" is an ancient invocation. By innocent we mean, of course, non-resisting. The slightest exhibition of force may be enough to justify a man's tyranny in his own eyes, but absolute passivity, while it may drive him to fury, robs him also of ease of conscience. Instans Tyrannus, in the end, did grow afraid.

The idea is not without its application to present conditions in Russia. The Russian peasant, for instance, even in times of good crops, is underfed; but when statistics show that prosperity prevails, he is regarded as a fit subject, not for sympathy, but for heavier taxes, Cossack raids and punitive expeditions, floggings, exile, and execution. If he rises in insurrection, it is because his blood is too high from overfeeding. But against a peasantry stricken by famine and plague, even knout and court-martial dare not continue in play. Thus there is no paradox in the statement that the present Russian famine is for the best of the country. We have not a strike in the technical sense, but the inevitable result of intolerable conditions for which the autocracy is largely responsible is as powerful an indictment and appeal as though the twenty millions of peasants had voluntarily condemned themselves to starvation. Coming at a critical moment in the conflict for political and social reconstruction, the *mujiks* starving in their villages are a greater force for liberty than they would be half-fed and half-armed in the field against the Czar's soldiers.

HOBBLING BACK TO NATURE.

In this country, and pretty nearly all over Europe, a cry of "The People Back to the Land," or "The Land Back to the People," is being sounded mightily at the present time. The phenomenon is of regular recurrence. Whenever the flood-tide of prosperity subsides sufficiently to give us time and occasion to think, we begin to study our falling birth-rate, our increasing slum and criminal population, the iniquities of the food adulterator and of the yellow press, and

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become convinced that we are well on the way to ruin, and that the city is responsible for it all. Check the drift to the city, return to the poor, old, hackneyed "simple life," we demand in a moment of contrition that is probably as sincere and as lasting as the ordinary mood of repentance. In France, Maurice Barrès, René Bazin, and others have shown what a source of weakness to the nation are the "uprooted ones," whom the whirlpool of Paris has sucked in from the provinces to their undoing and her own. In Great Britain they have been suffering from intermittent panic over the possibility of a war that shall cut off her oversea sources of supply and leave her without an agricultural population to feed her. In Italy the rush to the towns, coupled with emigration, is denuding the field and paralyzing agriculture. The city is becoming the enemy of the race.

One phase of this general movement is illustrated, and advocated, in Bolton Hall's "Three Acres and Liberty," just published. It is a study in intensive cultivation, as practical, we imagine, as any popular book can be, and, though based on a certain amount of enthusiastic faith, apparently free from the exaggerations of the ordinary gardening treatise which shows you how to send four sons and daughters to college on the proceeds of a half-acre cabbage patch. He does not promise fortunes other than those that abide in the possession of health, laborious effort, and a safe livelihood. He does not even want to take his urban dwellers too far back into nature, but is content to place them in the vicinity of the great cities:

> It is not the growth of the cities that we want to check, but the needless want and misery in the cities, and this can be done by restoring the natural conditions of living, and among other things, by showing that it is easier to live in comfort on the outskirts of the city as producers, than in the slums as paupers.

No objection need be urged against Mr. Hall's main thesis. Indubitably, vacant-lot farming is better than the slum, and a small poultry farm in New Jersey must be better still. As a method of relief, the system may be commended. But there is room for protest against that one-sided view of things which speaks of "restoring the natural conditions of living" by sending people back to the land. This is antiquated Rousseauism. The city is as natural a place of habitation as a farm on Long Island or a cabin in the Adirondacks. Dirt, disease, wickedness are unnatural, if we wish to be optimistic; but an apartment house, or a tenement house even, if it be kept clean and its owner be made to obey the regulations of the Tenement House Commission, is a natural abode. So much ought to be taken for granted as a basis for really successful social service work, which must aim at changing slum dwellers not so often into farmers as into urban citizens dwelling amidst tolerable conditions. It is even possible to maintain that, while by emptying the slums into the country we may benefit the towns, we are scarcely doing well by the country itself, whose welfare, it should be remembered, is one of the prime considerations in the Back to the Land movement. Not content with draining the country of its best blood, the city would turn the country into a dumping place for its human waste.

Take the small farmer on his three acres, and his brother of Manhattan on his 1-154 of an acre, or even his 1-1000 of an acre, if he lives on the East Side. The apparent difference does not really prove that one is more "congested" than the other. After all, every inhabitant of New York who for his breakfast eats a roll, an egg, a plate of oatmeal, or a chop, or drinks a cup of coffee or tea, exploits an acre or more in Kansas, another acre in Texas, together with smaller areas in New Jersey, Brazil, Cuba, and China. And when it comes to actual dwelling space, we venture to say that a four-room flat contains as much superficial area as the ordinary farmer's house—certainly in winter, when he locks all the rooms and lives in the kitchen.

What makes the movement Back to Nature all the more difficult is the fact that our tenements are for the most part filled with people who have just come from Nature, and cannot be persuaded to go back, because they "have been there." Who create our slums by cramming the city with more raw human material than it can digest? Italians from the open fields of Calabria and Sicily, Jews from the town and villages of the Russian Pale (comparatively crowded, it must be confessed), Magyars from the great plains of Hungary, Irish and Scandinavians, both used to the open air. Their change of residence is voluntary. They are here because they are wanted—in the city.

To quite another class Nature, we admit, appeals strongly—to the mentally tired. They, however, do not as a rule live in the slums. They are tired, in fact, from making more or less money, and the country to them suggests rest. It does not really impugn the sincerity of their emotions that they do their longing for a bit of black soil of their own, as the phrase goes, beside a steam radiator and with an electric push-button at their elbow. Visions will come then of green spaces, where the asphalt ceases from melting, and the subway guard is at rest; of cool, moist earth-clods, where repose the luscious red or green of tomatoes and cucumbers that need no Pure Food law, but are an end in themselves; of delightful delving with the hoe and the spade in early morning hours. *Absint* rheumatism and malaria. And that is really why we do not care for Mr. Chamberlain's Three Acres and a Cow so much as for Mr. Hall's Three Acres and—Liberty.

THE TYRANNY OF THE TENOR.

When the present opera season began in New York everybody expected a terrific war of tenors, which would make a chapter in the history of music in America. But the conflict did not come off. At Hammerstein's Manhattan Opera House Bonci, with all his fine art, did not succeed in arousing public enthusiasm to fever heat; his voice was found to lack that luscious beauty, resonance, rotundity, and inexhaustible plenitude of power which had made Caruso famous at the Metropolitan. It was a woman who came to the rescue of Oscar Hammerstein. Melba led his forces valiantly against the Conried army, and the result has been a drawn battle.

Inasmuch as it was the soprano, not the tenor, who saved Hammerstein, it is not strange that he should have shown an inclination, a few weeks ago, not to reëngage Bonci. Then the question suddenly assumed a humorous aspect. Conried sent out his emissaries to kidnap Bonci. Hammerstein's fighting blood was up at once, and he announced that the Italian was under contract with him for another season. The matter will probably be settled in the courts. It is not clear why Conried should be so eager to have Bonci; if that tenor's voice seems lacking in sonority, even in the smaller and acoustically admirable Manhattan, what will become of it in the mammoth Metropolitan, which has been the grave of so many foreign reputations? It is surmised that he was to be utilized chiefly in the older Italian works, known as prima-donna operas.

The difference between the status of Bonci and that of Caruso is not merely a topic for gossip; it affords insight into the present state of musical culture and the attitude of the public. It is admitted that Bonci is an admirable artist, and that he falls short of Caruso in little but the quality and volume of voice. Must we infer that this difference is really vital, or is the public to blame? No doubt, a full and luscious voice is in itself a thing of beauty and a joy—for some time; but, on the other hand, the public does worship Caruso unduly. He has become a fad, and is overrated. Jean de Reszke also was a fad, but he was not overrated. He could sing Italian rôles almost as enchantingly as Caruso sings them; he could sing—and act—French rôles infinitely better; and he was the greatest interpreter of the Wagner rôles, in which Caruso would appear to about as much advantage as Bars did the other day as his substitute in "I Pagliacci." Caruso's art,

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in a word, is lamentably limited; he is even afraid to sing some of the important Italian rôles—Manrico, for instance. Moreover, his voice is not so infallibly beautiful as it was a year or two ago. He is becoming more and more addicted to singing very loudly on the slightest provocation, which is a sure sign of decline; for it is as much easier to sing loudly than softly as it is easier to remain within Caruso's contracted sphere than to display the versatility of a Jean de Reszke.

The loss of such a voice as Caruso's would, no doubt, be a calamity, from one point of view. On the other hand, it cannot be denied that the Caruso idolatry is a menace to the cause of good music in this town. Some of the operas favored by him are, no doubt, masterworks, but more of them are not; they are feeble, tawdry things, which crowd out other and better works. Carusoism —if we may coin the word—means a distinct decline in the musical standards of the community. "Does he sing?" is the one question now asked at the box-office; what he sings is a matter of supreme indifference to most. It is a situation in which the tenor is not only king, but tyrant, despotically limiting the repertory to those operas in which he can most effectively show off his personal accomplishments.

Hans von Bülow once said that "a tenor is not a person; he is a disease." Excessive worship of tenors is a disease, too—a popular epidemic resulting in a temporary vitiation of taste, a shifting of the general interest from works of genius to the mere interpreter of anything that pleases. This tenorolatry is not a new thing. Wagner gave a sarcastic account of the attitude of Paris audiences which sat through performances of an opera that did not interest them for the sake of hearing the Caruso of that period fling out his loud top-notes.

There have been popular crazes over sopranos, too, but they have seldom reached the frenzied pitch of tenor-worship. This may be due to the fact that great tenors are much scarcer than great sopranos. One might also attribute the greater ardor of the worship of the Jean de Reszkes, the Carusos, the Alvarys, to the fact that most of the idolaters are women. But here a curious question presents itself: why is it usually the tenor, hardly ever the baritone or the bass, who is worshipped? One would expect women to be most deeply impressed by the manliest voice, and a bass or baritone is more manly than the lyric tenor voice which approximates the feminine alto. To be sure, nothing could be more virile than a robust, dramatic tenor like De Reszke, Tamagno, or Niemann. Probably the composers are largely responsible for the tenor-worship. In Verdi's operas, with hardly an exception, the tenor plays a more important part than the baritone or bass, and the same is true of other opera writers, Mozart's "Don Giovanni" being a notable exception. Wagner wrote one opera, "The Flying Dutchman," in which the baritone is king, whereas in six of his works the supremacy of the tenor is indicated by the very titles—"Rienzi," "Tannhäuser," "Lohengrin," Tristan and Isolde," "Siegfried," "Parsifal." This being so, we shall probably continue to be subject to the tyranny of one tenor or another, unless it be true, as was maintained at a recent conclave of French savants, that the tenor voice is a relic of barbarism, destined to become extinct.

THOMAS BAILEY ALDRICH.

Thomas Bailey Aldrich died Tuesday at his house in Boston. He had been ill for some time and had undergone a serious surgical operation.

To those who knew him, the dispatches announcing the death of Mr. Aldrich will carry a poignancy that seldom attends the passing of men who have lived out their threescore years and ten. He was a lover of life. Like all poets of the Horatian kind, he knew the melancholy thought of dissolution, the end of pleasantness, but, even after the great sorrow of his last years, the *meditatio mortis* was alien from him. Lowell himself was not more remarkable for perennial youthfulness, and far more than Lowell, Aldrich *looked* astonishingly young—"a habit," as he used to say, "acquired in youth." Blonde, erect, and ruddy, with a peculiar debonair alertness of bearing, he seemed at seventy to defy mortality, to be himself as immortal as a lyric.

Thomas Bailey Aldrich was born November 11, 1836, at Portsmouth, N. H., the "Rivermouth" of his books. He came of a sound shipowning stock, that with the decay of the India trade had withdrawn to other interests, yet the "seaward-leading alleys" of the old town, the "hints and flavors of the sea" that lurked in its elm-shaded streets, were among the most vital of his lifelong memories. In his last years, on the commodious quarter-deck of the "Bethulia" he liked to recall early adventures in punt or dory. When he was but a child he was taken to New Orleans, where, we are told, his father invested his property in a banking business so securely that he could never afterwards get more than a part of it out. In that half-tropical city he spent a decade of his childhood, drawing, we may believe, from its exotic sounds and sights imaginative clues to a richer and more romantic life than was to be observed among the earnest dwellers upon the North Shore, with their preoccupations, commercial and transcendental. When the time came for him to prepare for college, he was sent north to his grandparents in Portsmouth, there to enact those engaging scenes in the life of a bad boy—"but not a very bad boy"—which he has chronicled in one of the best books of its sort in the world. In 1852, as he was on the eve of entering Harvard, his father died in New Orleans, and "Tom Bailey," instead of taking his way to Cambridge, to study belles-lettres with Professor Longfellow, was enthroned upon a stool in the counting-room of his uncle, Charles Frost, in New York.

Of this experience we can discover but two direct results—a singularly open and beautiful penmanship, and a shrewdness and capacity in business matters peculiar among poets; but the indirect results of his years of residence in New York were momentous. Before leaving Portsmouth he had found a place in the poet's corner of the local newspaper for an occasional paper of verses, and from the time of his arrival in New York he seems to have heard the authentic vocation. He became the intimate of the ambitious young poets and jaunty wits of the Metropolitan group, Taylor, Stoddard, Arnold, Stedman, and the rest, and had a taste of the fairly adequate Bohemia that in the fifties centred about "Pfaff's" and "Niblo's." He became a constant contributor of verse to the best journals and magazines of the day, and with the pathetic "Ballad of Baby Bell," and "Little Mabel, with her face against the pane" — afterwards anathema to him—won almost at once a conspicuous popular success. In 1855 he became a staff writer for the New York *Evening Mirror*; from 1856 to 1859 he was assistant editor of the *Home Journal*, then conducted by N. P. Willis; and in the early years of the civil war he was a newspaper correspondent attached to Blenker's division of the Army of the Potomac. Throughout this period his art was constantly ripening and refining. He published several volumes of verse showing both a growth in imaginative energy, and an admirably fastidious self-criticism in the rejection of many of his popular successes. By 1865 he had definitely "arrived." In that year he married, moved to Boston, and entered the employ of Ticknor & Fields, then at the height of their prestige, as editor of *Every Saturday*. In the same year his collected poetical writings were published in the famous blue and gold edition, which was then the hall mark of both merit and popularity.

The years that Mr. Aldrich spent with this prosperous and benign publishing house coincided with his prime of life and with his most productive creative period. To the decade following 1865 belong some of the finest of his poems, as well as "The Story of a Bad Boy" and "Marjorie Daw," which are likely to stand as the best of his prose. These years, too, were perhaps the happiest of a life rich in personal friendships. Mr. Howells, then assistant editor of the *Atlantic*, became his special friend and literary confidant, and with Edwin Booth there grew apace an affectionate attachment that was only terminated by the great actor's death. The older men, like Longfellow and Lowell, found young Aldrich, with his talent, personal distinction, and ready wit, the pleasantest of companions. It was in the dining room of Aldrich's little house on Pinckney Street that Longfellow conceived "The Hanging of the Crane," and when Lowell sailed in 1872 for two years in Europe, Aldrich, with his young wife and much-admired twins, occupied Elmwood, where, as he once told the writer with conviction, he saw ghosts. To-

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wards the end of this period his native instinct for success, aided and reinforced by the wise kindliness of an influential friend, *decus columenque rerum*, established him in the road to a material prosperity that has been rare among poets, and shaped his life to an Horatian amenity. In 1875, following the discontinuance of *Every Saturday*, Mr. Aldrich began that series of world-wanderings that were among the most characteristic pursuits of his later years; and in 1881 he succeeded Mr. Howells in "the seat of the scornful," the editorial chair of the *Atlantic Monthly*.

In a little back office, overlooking the Old Granary Burying Ground, where, as he liked to say, lay those who would never submit any more manuscript, Mr. Aldrich spent nine years, solaced and supported by a pipe, an engine not hitherto in favor in that office, and by the constant attendance of his setter "Trip." Under his conduct the *Atlantic* attained a notable unity of flavor and distinction of style. A little less accessible to new and unknown talent than Mr. Howells had been, he was yet quick to perceive the note of distinction, and few of his swans turned out geese. He was not a militant editor, and was not greatly concerned about politics and affairs. His interest was first and always Literature, and perhaps no editor of the *Atlantic* has printed more of it. During his tenure of office the afterglow of the great day of New England literature was fading, but fading slowly. He could count on an occasional poem from Longfellow, Holmes, and Lowell, and many from the younger group headed by Sill. He had Parkman and Fiske for historical papers, James and the two Hardys, American and English, for fiction. He developed the critical department of the magazine to a high degree of competence by marshalling what has seldom been seen in this country, a thoroughly compact and capable coterie of critical reviewers. This group, which was composed of Richard Grant White, G. E. Woodberry, George Parsons Lathrop, Horace Scudder, and Miss Harriet Waters Preston, contributed a surprisingly large proportion of the material that is embodied in the score of volumes of his editing. Read to-day, after the lapse of twenty years, it is still remarkable for penetration of insight and felicity of expression. It was under Aldrich, too, that the *Atlantic* won its international reputation as being, in the phrase of an English review, "the best edited magazine in the English language." To his fastidious sense of phrase and syntax, reading proof was a sacrament. The last scrutiny was a function that he never delegated, and it fared ill with any split infinitive or suspended nominative—even with such seemingly innocent locutions as "several people"—that fell under his searching eye.

In 1890 Mr. Aldrich resigned the editorship of the *Atlantic* to Mr. Scudder. Thenceforth he gave himself over largely to travel and to the delights of connoisseurship and friendly intercourse. It has been customary to lament the paucity of his production in verse in these later years, but few are the poets who have added to their reputation by anything written after their sixtieth birthday, and the man who had written,

> To spring belongs the violet, and the blown
> Spice of the roses let the summer own.
> Grant me this favor, Muse—all else withhold—
> That I may not write verse when I am old,

was too clear-sighted a critic to have any illusions as to the possibility of poetry by technique alone. Yet to his last period belongs some admirable work. His blank verse drama, "Judith of Bethulia," is as notable for the strength of its situations, for the genuine dramatic unction of its conception, as it is for the suave melody of its verse; and in prose the pregnant note-book jottings, the delicate, suggestive sketches in his "Ponkapog Papers," the keen comic instinct of "A Sea Turn," show little abatement of his exquisite faculty. In 1904 the first great sorrow of his fortunate life came to him in the death of one of his sons. How great the loss was only his intimates knew. By it, he said, his literary faculty was withered as by a touch of evil magic. He recovered it sufficiently to write a fine melodious elegy for the centenary of the birth of Longfellow, but his work was done.

No less eminent a judge and practitioner of humor than Mark Twain has lately written: "Aldrich has never had his peer for prompt and pithy and witty and humorous sayings. None has equalled him, certainly none has surpassed him, in the felicity of phrasing with which he clothed these children of his fancy. Aldrich was always brilliant, he couldn't help it; he is a fire-opal set round with rose diamonds; when he is not speaking, you know that his dainty fancies are twinkling and glimmering around in him; when he speaks, the diamonds flash."

Though there may be in the superlatives of this a little—a very little—friendly exaggeration, all who knew him can bear witness to its essential truth. It is difficult, however, to do adequate justice to the quality of Aldrich's wit by reporting his tersely turned witticisms. When the *North American Review* suddenly reduced its thickness by one-half, he said, "It looks as if destiny had sat on it"; but to savor the full zest of the whimsicality we should have had to see the fine air, the charming half-proud, half-deprecatory toss of the head with which it was carried off. A great source of his wit lay in the humorous prejudices of which he had a vast supply. Could he find a dignified and pretentious person holding fast some of the ideas he himself specially disliked, he was at his best. He would literally—as Leigh Hunt said Lamb would have done to Johnson—"pelt him with pearls." One of the most engaging qualities of his humor was a certain happy impudence. He delighted to tell of his experience in getting his name reinstated in the voting list of Boston after an absence of a year or two from his Mount Vernon Street home: appearing before a minor magistrate of the race that, as Lowell said, "fought all our battles and got up all our draft riots," he was asked his name and occupation, and if he could read. Modestly admitting that he could "a little," he was given the Declaration of Independence and told to "Read thot." "Begorra!" said Mr. Aldrich, "I will. 'Whin in the coorse of human ivints——'" He was incontinently allowed to register. Anecdotes of this sort are legion. We shall not soon listen to his like again.

This is not the place for an elaborate appreciation of Aldrich's poetry, or a judicial consideration of his place in American literature. Yet one cannot write of him without speaking, however inadequately, of his fine achievement. More than any other of our American poets, perhaps, he was master of poetic style. None has ever had so exquisite a sense of poetic propriety, or displayed such unremitting care for the counsels of perfection, such unflagging adroitness with the file. No poet of the century has a better right to answer Leopardi's denunciatory question,

> Musa, la lima ov'è?

Yet the perfect finish of his work, its delicacy, which, as Hawthorne wrote, one hardly dared breathe upon, have, perhaps, been too much emphasized in defining his poetic achievement. One has only to take up the volume of "Songs and Sonnets," which represents his own last selection and arrangement of his work, to find qualities of romance, of imaginative strength, of wistful humanity that blend in an impression of uncommon range and vitality. Take such pieces as "On an Intaglio Head of Minerva," "The Rose," "Palabras Cariñosas," with their exquisite half-playful sentiment, their last felicity of expression; take the noble elegiac strain of "Sargent's Portrait of Edwin Booth at the Players," and "Tennyson"; take such haunting and poignant bits of *frisson* as "Identity" and "The One White Rose"; take the perfect sonnet "Sleep," and "Fredericksburg," with its quiet beautiful beginning, its tragic and tremendous climax, and you have a group of poems, representative rather than exceptional, that is as likely to last as anything that American literature has to show. Turn from them to anything save the very best of Longfellow's, or Lowell's, to Whitman's Titanic mouthings, to the average characteristic piece of Emerson or Poe: you find, perhaps, an ampler air, a deeper note, but you find also passages of surplusage and moments of languor. None of our poets has his precious cargo so neatly stowed for the voyage down the years as Aldrich. And despite the polish which so often makes for impersonality none is more likely to create an abiding impression of individuality. Abstractions and other men's ideas had little interest for him. He never expressed anything but himself, and he knew well when to have a bit of the rough block on the polished surface, when to break the smooth lapse of his verse with the frank and unpremeditated line. It is hard to think of any name in our annals that at once suggests a quality of poetic pleasure so fine, so constant, and so individual as the name of "Aldrich."

FERRIS GREENSLET

NEWS FOR BIBLIOPHILES.

Four such rare and interesting pieces of Americana were perhaps never described on a single leaf of an auctioneer's catalogue as the four little books sold as "the property of a Gentleman," by Sotheby, Wilkinson & Hodge, London, on March 16. Thomas Churchyard's "Prayse and Reporte of Maister Martyne Forboishers Voyage to Meta Incognita—in which Praise and Reporte is written 'divers discourses never published by any man as yet,'" London "the

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tenth of Maye, 1578," brought £1,000. The British Museum possesses two copies, but no other seems to be traceable. This is the first printed account of Frobisher's first voyage, which lasted from June 15, 1576, into October of the same year. A second voyage, from May 31, 1577, to September, was first chronicled in print by Dionyse Settle, "one of the Companie," under the title "A True Reporte of the Laste Voyage into the West and Northwest Regions," London, 1577. The volume, which brought £760, was the earlier of the two editions with the same title-page. A second copy, also the first edition, is in the Grenville collection in the British Museum, and a copy (edition not indicated in the catalogue) is in the John Carter Brown Library in Providence. No other seems to be known. Frobisher set out on a third voyage on May 31, 1578, returning about October 1, this time bringing 1,300 tons of his "ore"—worthless Greenland pyrites. The account of this expedition, written by Thomas Ellis, under the title, "A True Report of the Third and Last Voyage into Meta Incognita," London, 1578, brought £920. No second copy seems to be traceable. Each of these three little books had on the title-page the autograph of Humphrey Dyson, a book collector and student of the time of Elizabeth. They were evidently bound together by him, and have recently been broken apart and separately bound in calf by Riviere.

The fourth lot, perhaps the rarest and most valuable of all, is the original small 12mo. edition of "The True Declaration of the Troublesome Voyadge of M. Sir John Haukins to the Parties of Guynea and the West Indies, in the Years of Our Lord 1567 and 1568," London, 1569. This was Sir John Hawkins's third slave-trading voyage. With him, commanding one of his ships, was Francis Drake, then a young man of twenty-seven. The story of Spanish treachery in the harbor of Vera Cruz, the destruction of all but two of Hawkins's ships, and Drake's immortal vow are well known. Hawkins's own account has long been familiar from the pages of Hakluyt. This first edition is recorded by Sabin, with this comment: "Title and note from Lowndes's 'Manual.' We have never seen the book, and incline to the belief that this octavo edition does not exist, but that it is only to be found in Hakluyt's Collection." Here, after many years, it turns up almost unheralded in the auction room and brings £630. At the same sale the "Relation of Maryland," 1635, with the folding map, brought £400; and the autograph manuscript of Burns's "Scots wha nae wi' Wallace bled," £355. Prices on other interesting lots, first editions of Shelleys, Lamb, etc., will be received in due season by mail.

The auction of the second part of the library of the late Dr. Ottocar E. Kopetschny, an Austrian refugee who resided for upwards of fifty years in Jersey City, and who brought together a vast accumulation of books in many classes of literature, will occupy the Merwin-Clayton Sales Co. of this city, March 25-28. There are a number of old English plays and some unusual books, with colored plates, such as Holbrook's "Ichthyology of South Carolina," Hooker's "Rhododendrons of Sikkim-Himalaya," and Westwood's "Insects of India." On Monday, April 1, Dr. Kopetschny's autograph collection, with some manuscripts from other sources, will be offered.

On March 26, C. F. Libbie & Co. of Boston sell three law libraries, one of them being that of the late Senator George F. Hoar. There are a few books which will interest the collector of Americana. The most important is a volume of Rhode Island Laws, including the Charter, printed at Newport, 1730, by James Franklin, a brother of Benjamin Franklin. The only other copy recorded at auction is Brinley's, which brought $130 in 1879. On March 27 and 28 Libbie offers a miscellaneous collection, including the library of the late Hon. Samuel Warner. There are three pieces of Americana: Acosta's "Historia Natural y Moral de las Indias," first edition, 1590; Acugna's "Voyages and Discoveries in South America," 1698; and Foster's "Relation of the Rebellion Acted in the Island Barbadas in the West Indies," 1650.

Correspondence.

THE FUTURE UNIVERSITY LIBRARY.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Whether the present method of library administration has not reached the limits of its efficiency, and if so, whether a new ideal for the future university library ought not to be adopted, are questions of pressing interest. Some light ought to be thrown upon their solution by the specialized libraries which have proved most successful. Reference may perhaps be pardoned to the Harvard Law School Library as the one most familiar to us. The development of this library has taken place under an expert who has given exclusive attention to legal literature. The result has been the creation of one of the best law libraries on this continent; and this library in turn has helped create one of the best law schools in the world. Mere increase in the number of books and in extent of accommodation could never have yielded these fruitful results if there had not been in addition expert and departmental administration. If only through such departmental development a thoroughly efficient library in a law school has been built up, a similar policy must, so far as practicable, be pursued in history, science, philosophy, or any of the other great departments of a university. The distinction of schools and departments does not affect the essential principles of administration. Moreover, the present temporary expedients for departmental college libraries enforce the desirability of permanent departmental administration. The library of a department has been truly described as its "laboratory." But a successful laboratory can be conducted only by those who give their lives to the task, and never by mere general supervision.

If we grant that the department libraries are founded on correct principles, we must form a new conception of the nature and functions of a central library in a university. Such a central library would comprise the general collection of books which are of equal value to the whole university, those special collections which could not be rightly placed in any large department, the so-called "live-books" or those in current use, the accumulated treasures other than departmental often designated as "dead-books," and the great array of general periodicals, reports, records, and documents serviceable to the entire community. It would also contain the general reading rooms, and provide for the various divisions of general library administration. Indeed, this administrative work would be one of the most important functions of the main library. The discovery and application of the best methods of delivery, cataloguing, shelving, ordering, and organization are tasks of sufficient magnitude to demand the concentrated attention of specialists. Not only does a central library which includes within its scope the peculiar functions of the department libraries retard their progress, but it must at the same time impair the efficiency required for duties within its proper domain. The attention divided between special libraries is necessarily diverted from the general collections.

Provided the view here presented of the different spheres of a central library and of departmental libraries be correct, we see that by a strange confusion of thought arguments which properly belong to the matter of location have been made to settle the method of administration. Because convenience may demand a centralized plant, it cannot be inferred that the administration of department libraries ought therefore to be merged in the central library. On the contrary, a division of administrative functions is entirely compatible with a centralized location. A suitable plan for a general university library might, for instance, be found in a main building for the central library surrounded by a group of department buildings in close connection; or it might prove more advisable to have the department libraries under the same roof as the central library. This latter plan would afford the readiest access to all the department libraries. Yet whatever the location, the one thing necessary is the maintenance of separate department libraries.

To-day the great university libraries have, for the most part, only a corps of administrative officers. The future university library must provide in addition a staff of departmental librarians. This is equally true of our great public libraries. In the proper readjustment and reorganization, therefore, of the central library and of the department libraries by the adoption of the departmental system, will be found, it is believed, the ideal of the future university library.

BENJAMIN RAND.

Emerson Hall, Cambridge, Mass., March 15.

ONE CAUSE OF POVERTY IN PROSPERITY.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In the midst of unprecedented prosperity and in spite of heavy increase in production of gold, money is not only at high rates, but scarce, and we are therefore uncommonly well off, but so poor in ready cash that some business depression is inevitable. An important factor in producing this condition is that so much money is pocketed rather than banked. Although the banking habit is extensive and increasing

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every year, yet most of us have more money in our pockets in flush times than in bad times. When it is considered that one dollar more put in the pocket of each inhabitant means $85,000,000 less in the banks, it is evident that this is a powerful factor in producing a scarcity of loanable funds.

ROBERT S. MINOT.

Boston, Mass., March 9.

Notes.

Charles Scribner's Sons will soon have ready the following: "Military Memoirs," by Gen. E. P. Alexander; "The History of Mediæval and of Modern Civilization to the End of the Seventeenth Century," by Prof. Charles Seignobos; "The British City: The Beginning of Democracy," by Frederic C. Howe, and "Abelard and Héloïse," by Ridgeley Torrence.

In recognition of the revived interest in St. Francis of Assisi, Tennant & Ward are about to bring out "A Short Introduction to Franciscan Literature," by Fr. Paschal Robinson, O. F. M.

There is to be a new bimonthly *Review for Internationalism*, published in German, English, French, and Dutch editions, issued by the Preliminary Office of the Foundation of Internationalism at the Hague. The first number, which will appear in about a month, will contain articles by Dr. Hermann Beck, Berlin, director of the Internationales Institut für Sozialbibliographie; Björnsterne Björnson, Aulestadt, member of the Nobel committee; Francis Fox, London; Alfred H. Fried, Vienna, member of the Internationales Friedensinstitut; James S. Gibson, London, vice-president of the Council of the Royal Institute of British Architects; Dr. jur. J. van Schevichaven, Amsterdam; J. W. Simpson, London, fellow of the R. I. B. A., member of the Comité Permanent des Congrès Internationaux des Architects; William T. Stead, London, editor of the *Review of Reviews*; Nico van Suchtelen, Blaricum, and Henry M. Wolff, London.

Dr. Rolfe's "Satchel Guide for the Vacation Tourist in Europe" comes from Houghton, Mifflin & Co., with its annual corrections for 1907. Dr. Rolfe points out, with some justification of pride, that even the maps are regularly revised in this excellent manual.

Volume xiv. of "The Mineral Industry" gives a full report of statistics, technology, and trade during 1905. It is edited by Walter Renton Ingalls, editor of the *Engineering and Mining Journal*, which publishes it.

The Oxford University Press issues two little grammars of North-east Rhodesian dialects—one of the Wisa language, by A. C. Madan; the other of Bemba, by the Rev. Father Schoeffer.

Henry Frowde has issued a handy little volume called "Oxford and the Rhodes Scholarship," which gives such information as may be required by those who contemplate trying for one of these scholarships, or who have already obtained one. It is compiled by R. F. Scholz and S. K. Hornbeck.

The "Register of the Members of St. Mary Magdalen College, Oxford," is not a book to which one would naturally turn for gayety, but there is a spark of amusement here and there in the fifth volume of the New Series just edited by Dr. William Dunn Macray. The list is here brought down almost within the memory of those still living, and includes a sketch of Dr. Martin Joseph Routh, with a capital portrait of him in his ninety-sixth year. Among the interesting relics and anecdotes of this stalwart scholar of the old school, there are given a few lines of English verse found in his manuscript papers and evidently sent with the gift of a pen to his future wife:

Employ this Pen; and every thought will shine,
Bright as thy charms, through each successive line.
Employ this Pen, 'twill each rare gift unfold
Thy mind possesses, far surpassing gold.
Employ this Pen; thy unaffected ease,
And sweet good nature, in each phrase, will please.
Employ this Pen; for, know, an Angel's quill
An Angel's virtues must express with skill,
Must set thy high, yet mild, perfections forth,
And give the Paper more than India's worth!

"Amerigo Vespucci" is the latest volume by Frederick A. Ober in his Heroes of American History (Harper & Bros.). From the well-known sources he has made a readable story of Vespucci's life and explorations. Mr. Ober's familiarity with all parts of the West Indies and with the coasts of North and South America are, of course, a great help to him in his work in this series.

A handy little volume which is not likely to make too severe a demand, on the reader is O. M. Edwards's "Short History of Wales" (London: T. Fisher Unwin). The author, who is well known as a teacher and writer, not long since contributed the "Story of Wales" to the Nations Series. In this more popular work he does not attempt to give an exhaustive account of the fortunes of the Welsh people. All that his space allows is a brief sketch of the different historical periods, and of some of the aspects of the national development. Under this head come the chapters on the "Rise of the Peasant," "Howel Harris and the Awakening," "The Formation of the Education System," etc. The pages on Wales at the present time are unquestionably the most interesting. The style is simple, lucid, and picturesque. Those for whom the book is primarily intended—readers ignorant of Welsh and Latin—will be led to knowledge by pleasant paths.

An edition of "The Pearl," that Middle English poem on which Israel Gollancz, Dr. S. Weir Mitchell, and other translators have lately tried their hands, appears in D. C. Heath & Co.'s Belles-Lettres Series. The editor, who supplies an elaborate critical apparatus in the form of introduction, notes, bibliography, and glossary, is Dr. Charles D. Osgood, jr., preceptor in English at Princeton. The discussion of the sources whence the unknown writer of "The Pearl" drew his inspiration for both matter and form is very detailed. Prof. W. H. Schofield has maintained that the poem is not autobiographical, but allegorical. Against this view Dr. Osgood presents some ingenious arguments. When all is said and done, however, the evidence is so scanty and ambiguous that no definite conclusion is possible; and the reader who does not care for those empty feats in wire-drawing which delight the modern philologist, is compelled to the conviction that both Professor Schofield and Dr. Osgood have wasted far more powder than the bird is worth. Dr. Osgood examines the two theories of authorship, and decides that neither "Huchown of the Awle Ryale" nor Ralph Strode is the man.

The first of the lectures founded at Cambridge in memory of the late Sir Leslie Stephen was delivered on February 22, by Walter Raleigh, professor of English literature in the University of Oxford. After giving a sympathetic appreciation of the work and influence of the distinguished critic, the lecturer went on to speak of Samuel Johnson, a choice which he liked to think Stephen himself would have approved. While he talked with affection of Boswell's "Life," he reminded his hearers that the Johnson who appeared in its pages was in easy circumstances; he had conquered his world, and his right to dictate was acknowledged by all. To know him on every side they must supplement it by a study of Johnson's own works, written, for the most part, in his days of poverty and stress. Full as these were of splendid utterances, they had been overshadowed by the immortal biography. The lecture has been published by Henry Frowde.

"The Fundamental Principle of Fichte's Philosophy," by Ellen Bliss Talbot (The Macmillan Co.), is one of the monographs issued by the philosophical department of Cornell University. It contains a critical interpretation of Fichte's teaching concerning the Ego, Being, and Existence. Incidentally Dr. Talbot sets forth with ingenuity and clearness the relation of Fichte to Kant, the nature of "intellectual perception" in both the Critical and the Absolute philosophy, and adds an important appendix to show that Kant's "I Think" (*synthetic unity of apperception*) is a purely formal principle. Successful opposition is offered to Thiele's contention that there were three distinct phases in Fichte's thought. Indeed, it may be easily proved that none of the supposed changes in his philosophy at different periods was essential. The differences were simply incident to a full explication of his principles, sometimes in the face of hostile criticism. Dr. Talbot's essay, while primarily intended for advanced students, forms a good introduction to Fichte's philosophy. She expresses herself with simplicity and great clearness; her temper is judicial; and in her interpretation she is faithful to the philosopher's writings undistorted by her own preconceptions, or by deductions as to what he "ought to have thought."

Under the title of "Christian Theology in Outline," Prof. William Adams Brown of the Union Theological Seminary of this city, publishes a text book of doctrinal theology which will further advance his reputation as a mediating theologian, who is in sympathy with modern views, yet sincerely anxious to do full justice to the tenets of the fathers (Charles Scribner's Sons). He has written primarily for those who feel themselves attached to the historic forms of faith, and who desire to be orthodox, but who have difficulty in maintaining Christian belief in the face of modern knowledge. He has succeeded in stating several of the doctrines of historic Chris-

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tianity, notably that of the Trinity, in a manner to relieve dogma of some of its difficulties, while retaining largely the classic form of expression. Professor Brown is a careful scholar, who has trained himself to avoid exaggeration, and whose chapters never offer rhetoric in the place of thought. In justification of his method in presenting an outline of divinity he cites most appropriately the "Briefe Premonition" of William Ames's "Marrow of Sacred Divinity," from which we quote:

Some, and those indeed not unlearned, dislike this whole manner of writing, that the sum of Divinity should be brought into a short compend. They desire great Volumes, wherein they may loosely either dwell, or wander. Whom I desire to consider, that all have not so great leasure, or so vast a wit, as to hunt the Partrich in the Mountaines, and Woods: but that the condition of many doth rather require, that the nest itselfe, or the seat of the matter which they pursue, bee shewed without any more adoe.

Justification of the new theology and defence of critical principles and results as not hostile to devout life is the burden of the Rev. Richard W. Seaver's Donellan Lectures before the University of Dublin, entitled "To Christ Through Criticism" (Imported by Charles Scribner's Sons). The credibility of the gospel miracles, especially of the resurrection, is the subject treated most at length. The lecturer contends that the moral and religious character of the personality described in the evangelic record removes the events in question from the plane on which they are commonly considered by those who dispute their reality.

The Aramaic Papyri discovered in 1904 at Assuan, on the borders of Upper Egypt, are now published in twenty-seven folio facsimile tables, with Aramaic text as read by the editors, translation and commentary, together with introductions by Prof. A. H. Sayce and A. E. Cowley, an explanation of Egyptian proper names by W. Spiegelberg, and a bibliography of former Egyptian Aramaic papyri by Seymour de Ricci (London: A. Morning). The Assuan papyri consist of ten related documents which contain the complete register of a Jewish family in ancient Syene (Assuan) for two generations, with full information of their business and property affairs, especially settlements at marriage and agreements as to inheritances. They are dated accurately according to the reigns of the Persian kings Xerxes, Artaxerxes, and Darius, and extend over a period of sixty years, from 471 to 411 B. C. Since each date is recorded in both Egyptian and Jewish chronology, valuable information is at hand as to the history of the calendar. These documents are important also for the history of religion, for the frequent presence of the divine name Jahu in proper names indicates that that word was still spoken. Mention of an altar of Jahu before which an oath was taken proves that the Deuteronomic law of a single sanctuary was not then in force among Jews of the Diaspora; and mention of an oath by a Jewess called Mibtachja before the Egyptian god Sati shows that other gods besides Jahweh were recognized, as was also the case in ancient Israel. This same Mibtachja is mentioned in a later document as having for her second husband a certain Nathan, whose name formerly was As-Hor. Since the latter name is as certainly Egyptian as the former is Jewish, the conclusion may be drawn that Mibtachja was sufficiently zealous to make her husband a proselyte. These papyri offer many topics for discussion, and are likely to find frequent mention in future monographs on Jewish history.

The interest excited by the Memoirs of Prince Chlodwig zu Hohenlohe-Schillingsfürst has thrown into the background those of the general of artillery Prince Kraft zu Hohenlohe-Ingelfingen, who belonged to an older branch of the same family. The fourth and final volume of his reminiscences has just been published ("Aus Meinem Leben," Aufzeichnungen des Prinzen Kraft zu Hohenlohe-Ingelfingen, weiland Generals der Artillerie. Berlin: Mittler & Sohn). The work is valuable as a contribution to the history of Germany in the latter half of the nineteenth century, and especially as a record of events leading to the establishment of the German empire. He makes fun of Bismarck's lofty conception of his own ability as a strategist, but deems this an incidental and perhaps natural weakness of the remarkable man, and places it on a par with Frederick the Great's pride in his poems and Goethe's notion of his superior artistic talent in drawing and painting.

The "Studienreisen" of Dr. Theodor Koch, recently published by Wasmuth in Berlin, embodies the results of his personal observations of the American Indians during travels in the Western continent extending over three years. He expresses his surprise at their sense of beauty and their skill in drawing a landscape when he gave them a pencil and paper. He confirms the views of the distinguished ethnographer, Prof. Richard Andree, of Munich, in his studies of *Naturvölker*.

Edmond Lepelletier is about to publish his "Paul Verlaine: sa Vie, son Œuvre." He was an intimate friend of Verlaine, and to him the poet left his papers for use in writing this biography. He is said to tell the true story of Verlaine's life, which has in many ways been falsely reported.

Northern and Central China, as seen during nine years of survey and exploration are described by Lieut.-Col. Wingate, in the *Geographical Journal* for March. The general impression which he leaves is that there is substantial progress in China. In two large cities in a central province he found "splendid schools and hospitals" in full operation, while some of the villages had "of their own free will, destroyed their idols," and the inhabitants of this province are "anxious for all modern and Western improvements." In the north the decay of the lama religion was evident, for not only is there a large falling off in the number of Mongol pilgrims, but the 360 temples recently to be found in a sacred valley had become 107 at the time of his visit. In regard to railway construction and the development of the mineral wealth he believes that the Chinese would welcome foreign capital, provided they could have a share in the control of the enterprises. In the animated discussion of the paper by members of the Royal Geographical Society, Sir Claude Macdonald pays a warm tribute to the valuable services of Herbert G. Squiers at the siege of Peking in 1900. Other articles are upon the work of the Anglo-German Boundary Commission in East Africa by the English commissioner, Capt. G. E. Smith, and on a new British Antarctic expedition by its organizer, E. H. Shackleton.

The Concordance Society, originating in a suggestion made by Prof. George Herbert Palmer of Harvard, was, as we noted in our issue of January 3, organized during the session of the Modern Language Association at New Haven. The following officers were elected: President, Albert S. Cook, Yale; secretary, Charles G. Osgood, jr., Princeton; treasurer, Curtis H. Page, Columbia; executive committee, the officers, with Charles W. Hodell, Woman's College, Baltimore, and Albert H. Tolman, University of Chicago. The purposes of the society are "to provide subventions toward the publication of such concordances and word-indexes to English writers as shall be considered sufficiently meritorious and necessary; to formulate plans for the compilation of such works; and to assist intending compilers of such works with suggestion and advice." Members pay five dollars a year, due May 1. As the society will disband if a hundred members are not secured by May 1, applications for membership are desired, and may be sent to any one of the officers. The society now has about seventy members, including such well-known names as Profs. William James, George L. Kittredge, and Barrett Wendell at Harvard; Charlton M. Lewis, Wilbur L. Cross, and William L. Phelps at Yale; Henry van Dyke and Theodore W. Hunt at Princeton; and Caleb T. Winchester at Wesleyan.

The recently formed Champlain Society, with headquarters at Toronto, intends publishing two volumes annually. It has in the press an English translation, accompanied by the French text, of Marc Lescarbot's "Histoire de la Nouvelle France." The translation is the work of W. L. Grant, Beit Lecturer in Colonial History at Oxford, and the Introduction will be contributed by H. P. Biggar, author of "The Early Trading Companies of New France." To be published also during 1907 is a new edition with translation of Denys's "Description Géographique," a rare book, published in 1672, describing the North American coast. This work is in the hands of Prof. W. F. Ganong of Smith College. Prof. W. Bennett Munro, of Harvard is also editing for publication this year a volume of hitherto unpublished documents relating to the Seigniorial Régime in Canada. This will supplement his work on the Seigniorial System in Canada, which Longmans, Green & Co. will publish at once. Prof. Adam Shortt, of Queen's University, Canada, is also editing for appearance this year a volume of "Cartwright Papers," dealing with the Loyalist movement from the United States to Canada, and with the early history of the present Province of Ontario. The Society has many other volumes in preparation and promises to be very active. The membership is limited to 250, and libraries are accepted as subscribers to the additional number of 250.

The seventh annual report, just issued of the New Jersey Library Commission, says:

When the report of the New Jersey Library Association was made in 1900 with a view to the securing of a library commis-

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sion, only seventy-six libraries were reported, of which forty-seven were free. We have on record to-day 150 libraries, 99 of which are free. Twenty-two of the subscription libraries reported in 1900 are to-day free public libraries.

In 1900, the total circulation of books in the State was reported as 1,604,044. Last year the circulation for the State amounted to 5,889,000. Of the 150 libraries of the State only five public libraries have as much as 25,000 volumes, and thirty of them have less than 1,000 volumes. Of the various operations of the commission, the one in which most satisfaction appears to be found is the supply of travelling libraries to small communities. With a total stock of but 6,500 books, 457 libraries were sent out during the year, having a total book circulation of 71,000 volumes. Eighty per cent. of these libraries went to the rural districts, where the demand for books on history, biography, and the useful arts was so great as to bring the percentage of fiction circulated by the travelling libraries down to 49, "a much lower rate than can be shown by any public library in the State." In addition to this direct service, the travelling libraries have promoted the establishment and efficiency of permanent libraries in small communities. As showing the great popularity of the travelling library system in the rural districts, expressions of approval are quoted from various sources, one from a farmer's grange, which passed a unanimous resolution that "the travelling library law has worked more for the pleasure, culture, and welfare of the farming district than any law passed in years."

The uniform pronunciation of Latin in the secondary schools in England has been ordered in a circular just issued by the Board of Education. After reference to the very serious inconveniences which have arisen from the want of a common and fixed system of pronouncing Latin, all the schools recognized by the board were directed to follow the scheme adopted by the Classical Association and approved by the Philological Societies of Cambridge and Oxford and other learned bodies, in which proper attention is given to quantity. The order will go into force at the beginning of the next school year.

St. Albans, England, is to have an historical pageant, in which citizens of the entire County of Hertford will join. Among the events to be portrayed are Cæsar's defeat of the Britons under Cassivelaunus, B. C. 54, the invasion under the Emperor Claudius, A. D. 45, Boadicea's attack on Verulamium, the persecution of the Christians under Diocletian and the martyrdom of St. Alban, the funeral of Queen Eleanor, the Peasants' Revolt, the Second Battle of St. Albans, 1461, and the visit of Queen Elizabeth to Sir Nicholas Bacon at Gorhambury, 1572.

Dr. Albert S. Gatschet, for twenty-eight years attached to the Bureau of Ethnology of the Smithsonian Institution, and one of the highest authorities on the languages and dialects of the American Indians, died in Washington on Saturday. Born in Switzerland in 1832, he studied at Berne and Berlin. Coming to the United States in 1868, he soon began his work on Indian dialects and languages. At that time research in this field was almost unknown and few systematic efforts had then been made to analyze the native linguistic stocks. Besides analyzing and classifying the Indian texts which were turned over to him from the extensive collections of the Smithsonian Institution, Dr. Gatschet spent many years travelling among the Indians and studying their language at first hand. He published in 1884 "A Creek Migration Legend," in 1890 "The Klamath Indians of Southwestern Oregon," and was, of course, a constant contributor to the publications of the Bureau of Ethnology.

Paul Guiraud, professor of ancient history at the Sorbonne, has died in his fifty-seventh year. He was deeply versed in the constitutions of ancient Greece and Rome. Among his writings are "De la propriété foncière en Grèce jusqu'à la conquête romaine," "Travail en Grèce," and "Études économiques sur l'antiquité."

The death is announced of André Lemoyne, the Parnassian poet, at Saint Jean d'Angély, in his eighty-fifth year. His first book of poems was "Les roses d'antan."

HENRY JAMES ON AMERICA.

The American Scene. By Henry James. New York: Harper & Brothers. $3.

Mr. James is a native American, and there are passages in this book which certainly could not have been written by one born under other skies. And yet, in general, he appears as a curiously alien observer, one who has been unable to realize in his own breast the feeling indicated in Goethe's words, "Hier oder nirgends ist Amerika." Mr. James's chief interest lies in the hallowed associations of what he terms the "whole precious past"; he has little but misgiving and suspicion for the new and untried. The interest offered by the "promiscuous packs and hustled herds" of America is to him simply, or at any rate predominantly, "queer." He assumes that the greater depth and urgency of his own sentiment about the past are in themselves proof that such past is more interesting than the present; the early associations of the Boston Athenæum, for example, far outweigh the connotation of the Boston Public Library. Human beings without an imaginative recognition of the past are to him almost a negligible quantity, and he fails to see that the indulgence of this view is practically to ignore the great bulk of Americans. He comes to his task saturated with the conventions, the ideas, and the ideals of an older and more sophisticated civilization, of a sheltered and intellectually fastidious *milieu;* and by this standard he insensibly measures all American institutions and tendencies. Thus it is that there have been foreign observers, such as James Bryce, who have been, so far as sympathetic insight goes, more American than Mr. James.

Mr. James repeatedly refers to himself as the "Restless Analyst"; and this phrase gives the reviewer an excellent clue for his summary of the book. "The American Scene" is a work of marvellously keen and subtle analysis; it transfixes the defects and shortcomings of American civilization with unerring thrusts; but it is less successful on the positive and synthetic side. Its vision is, if anything, too personal, too microscopic. We are driven to accept Mr. James's own statement that he has a bad habit of receiving through almost any accident of vision more impressions than he knows what to do with. As a result, we gain a hugely interesting reflection of what America seems to Mr. James, but we cannot help feeling at times that the camera obscura is an observer merely, not an interpreter.

Taking the book simply for what it is, however, we can surely describe it, if not as one of the greatest works on America, at least as one of the most fascinating to which the subject has given rise. The passages reminiscent of the scenes of Mr. James's boyhood are charming; and we are grateful for certain little fragments of autobiography. Nothing can be more vivid and discriminating than his descriptions of American scenery, such as of New Hampshire or Florida; nothing more happy than his reproduction of the atmosphere of such a place as Concord. His characterization of the different American cities is extraordinarily acute. No other writer on America has made shrewder observations or gathered up certain classes of facts under more illuminating labels. He is deeply sensible of the obtrusiveness of wealth in the United States, where he finds the main formula to be to "make so much money that you won't, that you don't 'mind' anything." He resembles other commentators on America in his preoccupation with the question of Woman; but none has equalled the aptness of phrase in which he crystallizes his impressions. He sees that the sexes "fail to keep step socially." He notes that the rustle of American petticoats is "too distinguishable from any garment-hem of the sacred nine." It is, perhaps, characteristic of his point of view that he seems to regret the absence of any male presence of native growth to whom the wearers of American tiaras might suitably curtsey. "Woman is two-thirds of the apparent life—which means that she is absolutely all of the social." In Washington alone does man enjoy enough of social existence (*i. e.*, one independent of the market) to make it conceivable that he will ever catch up with woman. Apropos of the American failure to appreciate the blessings of privacy, Mr. James is tempted to ask whether the hotel spirit is not the "American spirit most seeking and most finding itself." In Europe there are endless things behind and beyond the hotel, in the States (he uses this, to the American, objectionable name) the hotel itself constitutes for vast numbers of people the richest form of existence. Mr. James's treatment of the South, in his chapters on Richmond and Charleston, is especially subtle and sympathetic. It is interesting to find that he regards "The Souls of Black Folk," by W. E. B. Du Bois, as "the only 'Southern' book of any distinction published for many a year."

Of the verbal felicities marked for possible quotation only a very small selection can be given: The first scarlet maple of the fall is like "the daughter of a noble house dressed for a fancy ball, with the whole family gathered round to admire her." The streets of Boston and Cambridge present a picture of "extraordinary virtuous vacancy." The university is the "place inaccessible to the shout of the newspaper." New York, seen from the

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river, is a "pin-cushion in profile." The Ocean Drive at Newport is "a proof of the possible appeal of scenery, even to the dissipated." Whether or not the general style of the book is found acceptable, must depend largely on the temperament of the reader. Its verbal subtleties sometimes remind one of a swordsman, who, having exhausted all the legitimate arts of his profession, now shows his skill by using his weapon as a vehicle of legerdemain. We find ourselves at one time half resenting the apparently needless amplification of theme, at another wondering whether, after all, the desired cumulative effect could be attained in any other way. If one owns to a more frequent experience of the former state, it is at least easy to sympathize with those who take the opposite view. When Philadelphia is admirably pigeonholed as the only large American city that doesn't *bristle*, we feel some sense of exasperation on finding that nothing is left to our imagination and that the idea is beaten out thin over several pages of explanation.

In conclusion, we come back to our initial impression that Mr. James is fundamentally incapable of getting inside the skin of the average American or of realizing that the outlook to such a citizen is by no means so dreary and "common" as to himself. He writes of America as an able but unsympathetic adult might write of the games of a child; the effect is as of a study of human nature by one to whom a refined and sophisticated elderly gentleman is the only type of interest. Given this point of view, the book is as fascinating as it well could be.

RECENT FICTION.

Her Majesty's Rebels. By Sidney Royse Lysaght. New York: The Macmillan Co.

Whether it be the national wrongs or the national character, the Irish novelist always starts with the immense advantage of a vertebrate theme upon which to construct the body of his story. Consequently, the national issue being still a living one, many an antiquated Irish novel keeps an astonishing measure of life. Thus it is that treatment so deliberate and old-fashioned as Mr. Lysaght's hardly detracts from the interest of his picture. In "Her Majesty's Rebels" he frankly uses the career of Parnell, merely modifying incidents to suit the demands of fiction, as when "Desmond" meets a violent death—the natural outcome of a necessary episode.

The story hangs loosely together and is curiously superficial in its analysis; or, to speak more exactly, Mr. Lysaght often shows a keen perception of character without the art of sustained development. Many of his people are quite shadowy. He is likewise guilty of self-indulgence in the matter of length. The conversion of a ruined country-seat into a prosperous hotel is gone into so thoroughly as to resemble a practical lecture on thrift. Nevertheless, the book as a whole breathes a genuine interest in people and conditions—an interest which, granting defects, still puts it in the class of thoughtful novels which can be read by the leisurely.

There is a quiet candor about it, equally remote from Mr. Thurston's passionate indictments or Miss Laffan's, and from the idealizing of Mrs. Leary and Miss Barlowe or the exuberance of "Charles O'Malley" and "The Experiences of an Irish R. M." Except in the case of Mr. Thurston, who delights in smashing the myth of a warm-hearted, romantic peasantry, Irish story-tellers are more or less bound to fall in with the conventional effigies of their countrymen. This danger Mr. Lysaght does not wholly escape, but in certain scenes between Desmond and the lady of his undoing there is no want of originality and penetration; and in describing Michael Desmond himself there is a laudable lack of shirking. The entire episode is gravely and delicately told with a kind of tolerance which distinctly strikes its own note in Irish fiction. Throughout a quiet honesty struggles to overcome the established tradition, and this honesty conquers as far as to suggest that, given fuller rein, it may end by enabling Mr. Lysaght to forget his models and use no eyes or tongue but his own in depicting his own world.

The Cage. By Charlotte Teller. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

This is a socialistic novel, of which the scene is laid in Chicago's West Side. In the first chapter is introduced the Rev. Dr. Hartwell, who has left a prosperous church and come to live in the lumber district, preaching the Gospel to the dingiest poor, while his daughter and a woman disciple do the work of the house and strive to elevate the neighborhood. In the next chapter arrives Eugene Harden, steeped in the most advanced European socialistic theories, fleeing from the cage of Austrian law to labor in the new world for his ideals. Dr. Hartwell's point of view is, "But we must teach these working people to respect the laws of the land." Harden's is, "We must change the laws so that they can be respected." Sloane's is that of the egotistical philanthropic employer. The women in the book take theirs from the men with whom they are in love. The author's may be inferred from a few specimen extracts:

> It was the army of industry out for its early morning review, going into the day's service without recognition from those who were to be served, those who still slept in warm beds, far away from the camp of war.
>
> Now he, too, . . . was in jail, and with all the public opinion stirred against these things for which he stood, believing that if a man said "dynamite" he was capable of using it, it would be very hard to expect leniency or even justice for him.

Of the Haymarket riots she writes: "The vanity of one man in the police force was to result in the murder, by the State, of seven innocent men."

In and out among these variants of opinion on the great question there wind two or three love stories. The finding of themselves and each other by the participants is as marked a feature of the story as the adjustment of views on Socialism, and is worked out with even more originality. If there is little plot, there is a deal of story. The behavior of Frederica at the crucial point of her destiny is almost incredibly melodramatic; but in the end Frederica's monologue explains Frederica not unreasonably. It is a readable book rather than a conclusive one; interesting, rather than valuable; a ramble, by turns painful and pleasant, rather than an arrival.

Mary. Fortaelling av Björnstjerne Björnson. Copenhagen: Gyldendalske Bohandel.

For more than fifty years the names of Ibsen and Björnson have been coupled together. Ibsen, the elder by four years, is dead and buried; Björnson, now seventy-four, seems as youthful, as energetic, as enthusiastic as ever. During the last few years two dramas and a novel have come from his pen, besides many magazine articles, and now the publication of his novel "Mary" is the principal event of the Scandinavian literary world this winter. The novel illustrates vividly not only the differences between the manner of Björnson and that of Ibsen, but also the specific merits and shortcomings of its author. If a paradox may be forgiven, Björnson is a born singer, who always produces political, scientific, and sociological pamphlets, while Ibsen was a synthetic philosopher producing works of pure art. Ibsen never preached, and yet every one of his works is a sermon; Björnson cannot put pen to paper without preaching, and yet the result is a song—a sermon, one might say, that holds the reader spellbound by its rhythm and harmony. Ibsen was a wholly objective observer, standing apart from life that he might see it in perspective. Björnson must needs plunge into the deep currents, struggling to shape their course to suit his own ideas of right and wrong. It is difficult not to regret his lack of aloofness at times, and it is equally difficult not to wonder, seeing how closely he approaches a success not belonging to the poet, but to the seer and philosopher.

Sex morality constitutes the theme of the present story. The view of the author would probably give considerable offence here in the United States, although the language is completely free from anything objectionable. The position of woman and her relations to the man have ever been subjects tempting to Björnson, and particularly since, following Ibsen as usual, he passed from romanticism to realism. That morality which demands of man either that he enter marriage as free from taint as the woman, or that he forego any demand for purity on her part, is still called "the Gauntlet moral" in Scandinavia, after the name of the play through which Björnson first advocated it. His latest book may be called a corollary to "A Gauntlet." The main points laid down by Björnson in "Mary" appear to be these: That woman must be sole and complete master of herself; that it is "immoral" for any man to assail this mastership by trick or force; that respect of it is neither incompatible with a frank recognition of sex attraction nor guaranteed by the conventional "chivalrous" attitude; that woman has not only the right but the duty to give herself wholly to the man she loves, provided that he meets her in the same spirit; that in the giving of herself thus there can be nothing immoral or wrong, nothing that should lower her in the opinion of any man; that, finally, a voluntary surrender of the kind mentioned does not give the object of her love any claim on her beyond what she voluntarily concedes to him. Not "free love," but what he would call full and fair reciprocity between man and woman, is

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what Björnson asks for. The old-fashioned, conventional view of woman as a prey to be caught is to him hateful and false. His ideas are those of Whitman and Meredith.

In embodying these ideas in dramatic form, he has wrought a charming and intimate picture of a young woman's soul. It is hard to tell which one of her two dominant qualities captivates and fascinates most: her sweetness or her bravery. From her earliest childhood we see her grow into greater and greater understanding of her own self, and out of this knowledge springs a steadily increasing consideration for others. It is for his sake, and not for her own, that she gives herself unconditionally to her lover. And it is when this precious gift produces in him not reverence, but a sense of ownership, that she wakes up to his true character and the dangers threatening her right to live a life of her own by his side. When, at last, she finds herself confronted with two alternatives equally menacing, when her only choice seems to lie between marriage to a man she has come to despise and exposure to the world, the story develops into sombre tragedy. She is, indeed, saved from the unworthy lover and from the world, but the "happy ending" is a natural result, and not forced.

The Golden Days of the Renaissance in Rome: from the Pontificate of Julius II. to that of Paul III. By Rodolfo Lanciani. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $5 net.

A book by Commendatore Lanciani is sure of a popular welcome. No other scholar of his attainments in the history of Roman topography has been able, or has tried, to attract to his subject the flitting attention of the gentle reader, to draw from accumulated stores of technical knowledge the material for charming *causeries*, and so to communicate something of the romantic delight of archæological investigation to those who would otherwise be confined to the marvellous instructions of the peripatetic lecturer in the ancient city itself. The general attractiveness of Lanciani's writing is indubitable. His sentences run fluently. He is singularly effective in the manner of telling the story as it were to a single listener. This intimate, personal tone, joined with a large, airy manner of cheerful, offhand acquaintance with the subject that may disdain the formalities, is unique in the treatment of such themes. And Lanciani also has the true, ancient feeling for the magic of thickly falling proper names, those crowded connotations of all romance, that, whether we know who's who or not, by the liquid music of their flowing syllables enchant and capture ear and mind together, and make even the baldest geography and the dullest chronicle into epic.

The chronological limits set by the author in his title are nearly coterminous with the first half of the sixteenth century; for Julius II. (della Rovere) ascended the papal throne in 1503, and Paul III. (Farnese) died on the 10th of November, 1549. The book has seven chapters, treating, according to the table of contents, of The City, Life in the City, Paul III., Michelangelo, Vittoria Colonna, Raphael, and Agostino Chigi. But to expect to find, even in the first two chapters, the titles of which are most hopeful, a consistent and well-developed presentation, from which the reader could carry away a clear picture of Rome and Roman life in the first half of the sixteenth century, is to expect from Lanciani an impossibility. As well think to find a history of English literature in the pages of the unabridged dictionary. Much of the material is there, or is hinted at, and it is charming material; but it is heaped together in a disorderly mass, as bewildering as the pile of grain that Psyche had to assort. One admires and laughs and scolds, all at the same time. It is the old story. The writer can hardly hold himself down for two consecutive minutes to the topic he has in hand. He must get a running start. And so in his first sentence he goes back to the year 1377 and the pontificate of Gregory XI., and uses up twenty-three pages out of the fifty-six in the chapter before he comes to the sixteenth century at all. Then he essays a panoramic view of the city from the Capitol; but he cannot bridle his imagination enough to refrain from pointing out things that had disappeared long before, and whatever he does see links itself with so much of reminiscence and prophecy that he forgets what we stand there for. Each single item is felicitous in itself, but where is the view? We cannot see the forest because of the trees.

This is an ingrained fault in much of Lanciani's otherwise charming writing, and it appears more exaggerated in this volume than in its predecessors. Another fault is the tendency to inaccuracy, which appears so frequently in matters that can be checked, that it arouses distrust of the author's accuracy in matters of perhaps greater moment that lie within the scope of his peculiar knowledge. Why, for example, should he (p. 20) set down 260,000 ducats as equal to $2,000,000, when only four lines below he gives $300,000 as the equivalent of 60,000 ducats? Why should he (p. 145) translate *urbs situ et diuerticulis uiarum deformis et imperuia* by "the city, disfigured and made uninhabitable by the narrowness and tortuosity of its alleys"? *Imperuia* is not "uninhabitable," *situ* has nothing to do with "narrowness," and *uiarum* is not "alleys." These are but samples.

The old warning of *ne sutor supra crepidam* might well have been remembered by Comm. Lanciani, when he was setting down with easy confidence certain of his offhand opinions on things quite aside from his special line of knowledge. He illustrates the alleged degeneration of the carnival in the process of its importation from Venice into Rome by the statement (p. 37): "The Grecian athletes, once transplanted to Rome, became gladiators." That is history topsy-turvy indeed, and much tangled in the bargain. The ancient pedigrees claimed for certain Oxford colleges are put to shame by that devised by Lanciani for the University of Rome, "the origin of which," he solemnly affirms, "dates back to the time of the Alban kings, when the young representatives of the Alban race were sent to Gabii, the city of learning [this is news, indeed, about Gabii] to become familiar with the Greek language. After the capture of Gabii by Tarquinius Superbus, the central Latin national school [!] must have been transferred to Rome [!], where we shall not attempt to follow its fate during the rough republican times, nor its transformation into the celebrated [!] *Pædagogium puerorum Kapitis Africæ* under the Empire." The printing of such nonsense is an affront to common sense and common knowledge that needs much atonement.

Comm. Lanciani does not shrink from *obiter dicta* on topics of ecclesiastical history. He sneers at those who placed Giordano Bruno's statue in the Campo de' Fiori, and he asserts that "the philosopher of Nola was as much of a believer as the most devout Catholic, and gave up his life not for any questions connected with the doctrines of the Church, but for its moral purification." This is in direct contradiction of the facts that appear in Bruno's own writings, and in the contemporary accounts of his trial. It can, perhaps, be said that he died for the principle of freedom of thought and speech, but the charge was heresy, and among the specifications were clear denials of certain articles of the creed. That he did deny them was plainly shown, and is evident now in his works; and in his own defence he put forth the curiously scholastic plea that while he did, indeed, acknowledge that he held and promulgated the views attributed to him, he held and promulgated them only as a philosopher, while as a Christian he accepted the Church's teaching in its entirety. The Inquisition finally decided to burn the philosopher, and apparently the Christian did not survive. Doubtless if Bruno had lived at the present day, he would have modified his plea, and claimed that his verbal denials of the creed were only in the interests of a higher spiritual interpretation thereof. What the result on his fate would have been, we can only surmise; but it is singular how many ecclesiastics, even at this day, appear incapable of comprehending such philosophical niceties.

In spite of the unfortunate constitutional defects that have been mentioned, the book affords very much valuable instruction, both in word and in picture, for which even the serious student should be grateful. It is to be hoped that, when his documentary "Storia degli Scavi" is completed, the author may give us a straightforward history of the survivals of ancient Rome during the entire period covered by that massive work.

Modern Poets and Christian Teaching. Robert Browning, by Frank C. Lockwood; Matthew Arnold, by James Main Dixon; Gilder, Markham, and Sill, in one volume, by David C. Downey; Lowell, by William A. Quayle. New York: Eaton & Mains. Each $1 net.

It is a difficult and delicate enterprise to determine from his poetry the religious beliefs of any poet. On the one hand lies the Scylla of over-ingenuity which lures a critic like Dr. A. W. Verrall to detect atheistic innuendo in perfectly innocent passages of Euripides; on the other yawns the more dreadful Charybdis of mere platitude and the self-evident, seldom avoided by those who have discoursed on the religion of Æschylus or Pindar. But even those who dissect Euripides, and have to balance the "Bacchæ," with its moral of impiety punished, against the "Ion," where the most

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radiant god on Olympus is the consistent villain of the piece, find their path clear compared with one who must label with its precise shade the Christianity of a clergyman's son with Neo-Greek tendencies. Most difficult of all is to define the religion of a poet whose long gallery of dramatic characters speak each from his own standpoint, and refine and argue, while the reader must be on the watch for their creator, in one of the "many movements of his mind," to throw them over with perhaps no more than the turn of a phrase.

Confronted in Browning with this last problem, Mr. Lockwood derives from his poetry precisely what he went forth to seek, "great spiritual teachings," and a complete acceptance of Christian tenets.

> He accepted the life and teachings of Christ as adequate, authoritative, and supreme in the spiritual realm. . . . Christianity, and Christianity alone, solved this question for Browning, . . . the divinity of Christ afforded him the necessary connecting link with the infinite and eternal (p. 145).

So Mr. Lockwood. On the other hand, Prof. Josiah Royce, on the strength of the same poems, and Mrs. Sutherland Orr, who adds to her knowledge of the works an intimate acquaintance with the man himself, expressly deny the orthodoxy of Browning. It is hardly a case for compromise. If the poet is speaking his own convictions in "La Saisiaz," where he leaves himself a hope for immortality that is far from the radiant faith of the Christian, he cannot fairly be identified with the elderly lover in "Evelyn Hope," a poem from which Mr. Lockwood gathers a direct message of immortality. Nettleship used a strong phrase for those who read into Browning's poetry their own theological creeds. He called it "poisoning the wells."

It is, however, a more gracious task to find orthodoxy where it probably is not, than to denounce its complete absence. That is the aim of Mr. Dixon's volume on Matthew Arnold. The search had better have been left untried. What Arnold was to his generation was summed up long ago by R. H. Hutton:

> No one has expressed more powerfully and poetically its spiritual weakness, its craving for a passion that it cannot feel, its admiration for a self-mastery that it cannot achieve, its desire for a creed that it fails to accept, its sympathy for a faith that it will not share, its aspiration for a peace that it does not know.

Mr. Dixon's title-page reminds one of that famous chapter-heading, "Snakes in Ireland." To scold Arnold through 160 pages, and call him a Sadducee because he was not happily able to accept a creed, is simply to have an eye closed to beauty. Mr. Dixon cannot abide the Hellenism of Arnold, and especially condemns the "Memorial Verses" to Wordsworth, because Arnold did not in them dwell, as Whittier did, on the Christian element in Wordsworth's poetry. When he calls Arnold's tribute "æsthetic or artistic," "fanciful and literary," he is evidently using terms of strong disapprobation. We wonder what he makes of Wordsworth's sonnet, "The World," with its yearning for the younger earth of the Pagans, a longing never even in Arnold more poignantly or directly expressed. But it would indeed be time wasted to stay to prove that a modern poet cannot be expected on all occasions to edify the orthodox theologian. Mr. Dixon, having devoted two pages to reproaching Arnold for a well-known misquotation of a line of Keats—Arnold wrote "cold" for "pure" when he quoted a famous sonnet in his "Essays in Criticism"—himself misquotes Arnold's "Memorial Verses," reading "path" for "lap" (p. 53), an error of about the same importance.

Of the third volume of this series there is little to be said. Two of the poets treated are still alive, and we doubt whether the question of the exact amount of a writer's contribution to didactic Christianity can with any fitness be weighed under those conditions. Mr. Downey is the most liberal of the three critics in his interpretation of the word Christianity and in detecting its essential truths in his three poets.

It is when we turn to the volume on Lowell that we feel most strongly that Religious should have been substituted for Christian in the title of this series. As it is, the critic must nearly always either fall back on the widest possible interpretation of the word Christianity and forego all essential tenets, or he must frankly denounce the lack of orthodoxy, and make the most of what is left. The latter course is chosen by Mr. Quayle. One who insists that poetry shall be "sermonic," to use his own word, has, in fact, no choice but denunciation when he must analyze such a poem as "The Cathedral."

> The doubt element is expression of the age. No one doubts that. The atmosphere is accurate. We fault not that. But where the fault lies as a Christian poem is, it fails because it does not journey far enough. It gropes to the end. That is not Christian. 'Tis a theistic poem, truly, but not a Christ poem. There lies its lack, its fallacy, its absence of a song. A great Christ had with our poet drenched his "Cathedral" with music outsounding seas, making one look to find the angels who made the ecstasy. . . . Lowell's religious faith is not vital. His head had not, I take it, gotten where his heart had come.

So says Mr. Quayle, in English which suggests that he is unaccustomed to writing down his thoughts.

> The aim of the whole series is mistaken. Here we have men accustomed to preach, and very properly regarding that as the highest mission of a man's life, measuring the souls of artists and their chances of edifying their generation by the amount of direct preaching that can be detected in their verses. "Tennyson's accent is wrong," says Mr. Quayle of the famous line on "honest doubt"; wrong for a sermon, certainly, but Tennyson did not happen to be writing for the pulpit.

Through the Gates of the Netherlands. By Mary E. Waller. With illustrations by A. Montferrand. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. $3 net.

Many have been the volumes about the Netherlands issued during the past few years. This newcomer is, however, differentiated from its fellows by certain characteristics. The writer not only entered the gates, but she stayed within them for months instead of weeks. Moreover, those months were from midwinter to midsummer when Holland belongs to the Dutch, and when ordinary tourists are not swarming over the land for three-day trips. Finally, the writer uses her own eyes and describes her impressions and experiences entirely from the legitimate point of view of an intelligent foreigner, instead of filling her pages with diluted Motley, Amicis, and Baedeker. Her kind of enthusiasm betrays a familiarity with the first author, such as a good American should have, whether he be critical or not; with Amicis she differs wisely, while the third is practically untouched. Little aid, indeed, would Baedeker lend to travellers like the "James" and "Persis" of this book. They were original enough to take a villa at Scheveningen for the winter, making that a base of operations for seeing Holland. The pair learn to know something of life as it passes in a fishing village typically Dutch in spite of its accessibility to strangers and its vicinity to its dissimilar twin, the summer city. Possibly this "unspoiledness" is due to the fact that the Scheveningen fishers became accustomed to the presence of strangers long before Amicis wrote and before Baedeker tagged places with a star. Certainly, as the reviewer can testify, they seem far more unconscious, less affected by the injudicious comments of tourists than are the people of Marken, Vollendam, or Zaandam.

In the four months' residence of this pair of Americans, "Persis" has time to explore the village and The Hague, and above all she has leisure to grow intimate with the metamorphoses of dunes and sky. Was ever a sky so full of events as that which hangs low over the edge of the North Sea? There the infinite possibilities latent in modest gray can be watched. The marvellous play of light—and it is only an insinuating luminousness, not a powerful light—can make the whole vault of heaven companionable. That the writer of this book gained a real personal intimacy with that strange variety in sameness, is evident. Very sympathetic is her touch on the qualities of land and sea and sky, and her words are not hackneyed. Less intimate than the picture of Scheveningen are the views of the rest of the country taken as the party, finally numbering six, journeys on a boat yclept The Broomstick, through the waterways of the Netherlands. But the impressions are still at first hand.

The lingering leisure given to the art of the Netherlands also makes itself felt when the pictures are spoken of—Vermeer's Delft in the Mauritshuis, for example. How many visitors not actual art students have time to know it? Curious, however, that the Burgomaster Six is not classed among Rembrandt's masterpieces. To many eyes his is *the* portrait in Holland. The appreciation of Israëls is very real. There are others besides "James" who have realized the singular intensity of Alone in the World, universal yet of one locality.

Into the chronicle of the voyage, a story, two stories, are lightly woven. They are little advantage to the book, which is primarily descriptive, not romantic. Besides, the attempt at love passages is suggestive of Black's style in his records of the phaeton and the houseboat wanderings, and hence a blemish to the real originality of the rest of this volume. On the other hand the illustrations are charming, and sufficient to tempt other travellers through the Gates of the Netherlands.

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Harsha Vardhana, empereur et poète de l'Inde septentrionale (606-648 A. D.). Etude sur sa vie et son temps. Par Maurice L. Ettinghausen. Paris: Ernest Leroux.

The old year, just closed, was the thirteen-hundredth anniversary of the first year of the reign of Harsha Vardhana, or Sri-Harsha, a poet-king who ruled over Hindustan in the seventh century of our era. The date of this sovereign's coronation, or "anointing," as the Sanskrit phrase would express it, was 606 A. D. No European potentate at that time, however, could know that a really great contemporary had ascended the Indian throne to rule over millions of subjects. Nor does India to-day remember the event, but has had to be informed once more about her forgotten monarch's reign, which was so beneficent that a Chinese pilgrim who journeyed through the king's realm said of the Blessed Harsha:

> He practised to the utmost the rules of temperance, and sought to plant the tree of religious merit to such an extent that he forgot to sleep and to eat!

It is due to the patient labor of Sanskrit scholars, aided by Chinese philologists, that these missing pages of Indian history have been restored and a full record made of Harsha's reign. These faithful investigators, by means of inscriptions, literary monuments, and the documentary evidence of Chinese Buddhists, have recovered the lost fact that the reign of Harsha over a powerful kingdom in Northern Hindustan, between 606 and 648 A. D., deserves to rank with that of the earlier Buddhist Emperor, Asoka, or of the later religious eclectic, Akbar the Great. Two inscriptions on plates of copper and also a copper seal, which was probably once attached to a royal grant of land, preserve the lineage and some other biographical facts regarding this powerful Maharaja; and his name is mentioned also in some inscriptions of contemporary rival kings. When combined with the narratives of the pilgrims who came from China to India during his lifetime or after his death, and when brought into closer connection with some poetical compositions and three Sanskrit dramas which bear Harsha's name as author, these materials, together with certain other literary and epigraphic evidences, serve to give a connected outline of the main events of the monarch's career.

The materials have been accessible to Indologists heretofore only in a scattered form, but it remained for the skilled hand of a young French-English scholar, Maurice Ettinghausen, to bring the *disjecta membra* into a single book. This young Sanskritist, who has enjoyed the advantage of philological training at London, Oxford, and Paris, finishing his studies under the admirable guidance of Professor Sylvain Lévi of the Sorbonne, has produced an excellent book. The political and literary history of Harsha's empire are presented in clear outline, and the author has made good use of the Chinese writings to throw light on the social condition of India in Harsha's time. In the account of the attempt made by Sasanka, an enemy of Harsha, to destroy the sacred Bo-tree, under which Buddha sat, there might have been added a reference to the same event, as recorded in the Chinese biographical work "Sü-kan-söng-chuan." Full justice, however, is done to all the Chinese throughout the work, and it is very convenient to have the inscriptions and the verses of Harsha's own composition reproduced in the appendixes at the end of the volume. It is to be hoped that in a second edition of this standard work on Harsha, there will likewise be reproduced a specimen of the king's beautiful chirography, which has actually been preserved in the king's own signature engraved on the Banskhera plate. It would be well likewise to reproduce from the Ajanta Caves the painting which represents King Pulikesin, the victorious rival of Harsha in Southern India. A good map indicating the precise extent of Harsha's domain and the many places alluded to in his history would be serviceable. These would add still more to the praise to be deservedly bestowed upon this valuable historical treatise.

The Religion of All Good Men, and Other Studies in Christian Ethics. By H. W. Garrod. New York: McClure, Phillips & Co. $1.20 net.

Christianity in the Modern World. By D. S. Cairns. New York: A. C. Armstrong & Son. $1.25 net.

We may consider together two thoughtful essays on the present status of Christian faith, by writers who discern with uncommon keenness the difficulties in the way of belief, and with equal sincerity and earnestness of conviction arrive at radically opposite conclusions. Mr. Garrod, a Cambridge tutor, writing from the point of view of educated young men of Great Britain, declares that "there is a widespread dissatisfaction with the moral ideals of Christianity"; and Mr. Cairns, who is apparently a Scottish clergyman, also fixes upon defects in Christian morality as the chief stumbling-block in the way of belief. Here, however, the parallel ends, for Mr. Garrod pronounces Christianity insufficient, at least for himself, and confesses allegiance to ideals which he describes as Gothic; while Mr. Cairns endeavors to show that the social and moral teaching of Christianity has not been fully apprehended, and that a true appreciation of Christian ethics will discern in it the elements which seem to many to be lacking.

The notion that the Teutonic heathen have not been fairly treated by the appraisers of moral systems, that much that is valuable in the present life of the peoples of northern Europe had its origin neither in Judæa, nor in Hellas, but in the fens and forests of the early Teutons, finds facile and persuasive expression in Mr. Garrod's essay, "Christian, Greek, or Goth?" Chivalry and honor appear to him as elements of moral life, in which both Greek and Christian teaching are deficient, and these he finds to be the cardinal virtues of the North, which many have unconsciously grafted on Christian ethics, but the parentage of which it would be wiser to recognize, in the interests both of clearness and of faith itself. This thesis Mr. Garrod defends with much skill, and it can scarcely be denied that important truth at least lies close beside his propositions.

Mr. Cairns, who is no Goth, but a devout, though informed, evangelical, approaches the ethical criticism of Christianity through the famous passage in Mill's "Essay on Liberty" on the limitations of Christian morals. Mill, it will be remembered, pointed out that Christian morality is "negative rather than positive; passive rather than active; innocence rather than nobleness; abstinence from evil rather than energetic pursuit of the good"; and his conclusion was that "other ethics than any which can be evolved from purely Christian sources must exist side by side with Christian ethics to provide the moral regeneration of mankind." This serious criticism Mr. Cairns is at pains to refute. He contends, in the first place, that the spheres of obligation to which Mill could find no reference in the gospels were by no means ignored by the Galilean teacher, but that these duties were implied in his utterances concerning the kingdom of God. All that Mill would derive from sources other than Christian Mr. Cairns finds in germ, in general principle, in the Messianic hope which pervades the gospels. In the second place, he urges that the silence of Jesus concerning national and civic duties was not because he had no regard for these important elements of obligation, but because of the peculiarities of his position in relation to the civil authorities and to his disciples. The one-sidedness of his teaching is attributed to "spiritual strategy," as Mr. Cairns terms it. Finally, Mr. Cairns urges that in the utterances of Jesus in the form of apocalypse there is the equivalent, in the vocabulary of the time, of the duties which Mill and Mr. Garrod fail to find inculcated in the gospels.

A brief outline inadequately represents the clearness and logical skill of the argument, and the literary excellence in which it is framed. As a piece of Christian apologetic, the effort of Mr. Cairns is on a higher plane than that of much recent work. Whether it will be deemed a sufficient reply to those who complain of the moral limitations of Christianity, will depend upon the view one has of the history of New Testament times. To Mr. Garrod, for example, it would manifestly be no answer at all. He would reply at once that the Kingdom of God, as Mr. Cairns describes it, is a creation of the modern imagination, which did not at all exist in the days of Jesus and his apostles. Their kingdom, it is asserted, was not a society gradually coming to perfection, but an utterly marvellous display from the heavens, sudden in manifestation, miraculous, and without human agency in its projection upon the earth. In favor of this interpretation of the phrase "kingdom of God," there is much to be said; and Mr. Garrod advances this view skilfully in his able chapter on "Christ the Forerunner." Of course, if this conception of the kingdom be correct, there is no ground for the argument that in Jesus's command to seek the kingdom there is implied obligation of social and political duty. A kingdom about to descend as the lightning from heaven certainly imposed no obligation to purify water supply or to elevate the standards of education.

But is one forced to the dilemma implied by these two essays? What if the teaching of the man of Nazareth does not embrace a full-rounded ethical system? What if Jesus had no thought of a de-

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veloping society? Must we, therefore, with Mr. Garrod, call ourselves Goths? Or, with Mr. Cairns, must we apply the microscope—and a little imagination—to the gospel records to derive thence all the virtues the hurrying times find needful? May not one whose religious inheritance goes back through Luther, Augustine, and Paul, write his estimate of the founder of his faith as he believes history teaches, not undertaking to impute to him an ethic for which the world had then no need, but revering him chiefly that he sowed faithfully the seed that was given to his hand, and left the world bravely with the question, "Why of yourselves judge ye not that which is right?"

Christopher Columbus and the New World of His Discovery. By Filson Young. 2 vols. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. $6.50 net.

These two handsome volumes of English manufacture are offered to the reading public by the author, with a frank disclaimer of any pretensions to expert Columbian scholarship. Indeed he announces his belief that the original investigator in biography or history, consuming his life in the study of details, is thereby disqualified for the task of putting his results in an effective way before the public. "It would appear that the double work of acquiring the facts of a piece of human history and of presenting them through the medium of literature can hardly ever be performed by one and the same man." A wider acquaintance with historical and biographical literature would perhaps lead Mr. Young to be less sure of this dictum, against which exceptions in great numbers from Thucydides to Boswell could easily be cited. Mr. Young needs the shield of no such principle to justify his undertaking a life of Columbus, if he be so minded, but the defects of his own work illustrate the inevitable weakness of history written by one who has not saturated himself with its materials, but has merely skimmed the cream of others' research. Mr. Young's narrative is clear and interesting, but his comment is unhistorical in tone and often flippant. One example will illustrate our meaning. On November 4 Columbus records in his journal that he understood the natives to say that at "a long distance from there there were men with one eye, and other men with dogs' snouts who ate men, and that when they caught a man they beheaded him and drank his blood." Mr. Young does not question that the natives said this, not recollecting that, as it was only twenty-two days since Columbus had landed on Guanahani, he could not possibly understand the native language in such detail. Instead Mr. Young comments on the admiral's "solemnly" entering these facts in his journal: "It is the most childish nonsense." Of course it is nonsense to-day, and the reader hardly needs to be assured of the fact. What he does need, however, is to have it explained how Columbus could have thought he understood the Indians to give him such information. The proper historical comment is to note that the book of Sir John Maundeville, which enjoyed a high reputation in the admiral's time, records the existence off the coast of Asia of "a great and fair isle called Nacumera. . . . And all the men and women have dogs' heads," and again: "In one of these isles are people of great stature, like giants, hideous to look upon; and they have but one eye in the middle of the forehead." Columbus, having every reason in the light of accepted geographical authorities to expect to find monsters, not unnaturally interpreted any little favorable sign in that direction.

As a professed littérateur Mr. Young embellishes his sources with imaginative details. For example, the account of the conference between Columbus and the commission appointed by King John of Portugal to consider his project is pure fabric of the imagination. Mr. Young writes:

> Before these three learned men must Columbus appear a little less happy in his mind, and wishing that he knew more Latin. Master Rodrigo, Master Joseph the Jew, the Right Reverend Cazadilla; three pairs of cold eyes turned rather haughtily on the Genoese adventurer; three brains much steeped in learning, directed in judgment on the Idea of a man with no learning at all. The Right Reverend Cazadilla, being the King's confessor and a bishop into the bargain, could speak on that matter of converting the heathen; and he was of opinion it could not be done. Joseph the Jew, having made voyages, and worked with Behaim at the Astrolabe, was surely an authority on navigation; and he was of opinion that it could not be done. Rodrigo, being also a very learned man, had read many books which Columbus had not read; and he was of opinion that it could not be done. Three learned opinions against one Idea; the Idea is bound to go. Poor Columbus stands there puzzled, dissatisfied, tongue-tied.

Our only trustworthy account of this interview is that in the Portuguese historian Barros, who simply says:

> But they [*i. e.* the commission] regarded all the words of Christoforo Colombo as empty talk because it was all based on imaginings and descriptions of the Island of Cypango of Marco Polo.

These examples illustrate the weakness of the author's method. He has read his texts and studied his secondary authorities, but he cannot refrain from filling gaps with his own imaginative reconstructions or avoid a modern and unhistorical attitude in the interpretation of his material. Moreover, as a literary artist, having not been satisfied merely to tell a story, he has interspersed his pages with reflections or reveries expressed in a style which may be described as diluted Carlylese. As good an instance as any is the concluding paragraph of his book:

> So much of the man Christopher Columbus who once was and no longer is, perished, to the last bone and fibre of him, off the face of the earth, and living now only by virtue of such truth as there was in him; who once manfully according to the light that he had, bore Christ on his shoulders across stormy seas, and found him often, in that dim light a heavy and troublesome burden; who dropped light and burden together on the shores of his discovery, and set going in that place of peace such a conflagration as mankind is not likely to see again for many a generation, if indeed ever again, in this much tortured world, such ancient peace find place.

From what we have said, it is clear enough that Mr. Young's work presents nothing of importance to the serious student. To the general reader it gives the story of Columbus's career illustrated more fully from Columbus's own writings (as published by John Boyd Thacher) than any preceding popular life; and this is its saving quality. Yet the scholar cannot neglect entirely what Mr. Young's volumes contain; for he had the happy thought to ask the Earl of Dunraven to contribute what is too modestly called a "Note on the Navigation of Columbus's First Voyage." In this "note" the student will find the most lucid and satisfactory treatment of the subject known to the reviewer. For example, the perplexing passage in the journal under September 30 is not explained in any of the editions of that narrative. Of this the Earl of Dunraven gives a lucid explanation illustrated with diagrams. No student of the Columbus narratives will fail to find in this valuable essay an explanation of many things left partly or wholly in the dark by the editors of Columbus's writings.

Science.

THE AMERICAN MUSEUM EXPEDITION TO THE FAYÛM DESERT.

CAIRO, Egypt, March 1.

The Fayûm is a great natural basin lying just west of the valley of the Nile, about fifty miles south of Cairo. A large part of the basin is below the level of the river, and in the most depressed westerly portion lies the brackish lake called Birket el Kurûn, or Lake of the Horns, the surface of which is 120 feet below sea level. To the southeast of this lake is the fertile oasis of the Fayûm, intersected with irrigating canals fed, not immediately from the Nile (which is shut off by a stony barrier), but by a canal, the Bahr Yusef, given off far south. Directly north of the lake, rising step above step like a great amphitheatre, are the terraces of the Fayûm desert, one thousand feet thick, which culminate in the pebbly summit of the great Libyan desert. On one of these steps in 1902 members of the Geological Survey of Egypt made the important, in fact epoch-making, discovery of the ancient mammalian life of Africa, hitherto entirely unknown. In successive years the Survey and the British Museum sent parties to this desert and unearthed proofs of a rich and fertile country which existed perhaps two millions of years ago, long before the Nile valley rift was formed. In the tributary streams and rivers coarse and fine sands were deposited, containing the bones of the animals of the period. While the graves of the Pharaohs have been sacked for the last five thousand years, nature has concealed this burial place until the twentieth century. This was the nursery of Africa's distinctive contribution to the mammalian life of the world, including so far as known at present the proboscidea, or elephants; the sirenia, or sea cows, manatees, and dugongs; the hyracoidea, or rock and tree conies, the zeuglodontia, or primitive whales. There were also the arsinoitheres, great quadrupeds which never journeyed beyond the confines of Africa.

The peculiar interest of the American Museum in this discovery lay in the fact that three of these great groups subsequently found their way over to North America, namely, the elephants, sirenians, and zeuglodonts. In American collections

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they are richly represented by highly developed and specialized but ancestorless forms. It was obviously worth a long and expensive journey to bring home these extremely ancient Egyptian ancestors and thus trace these animals back to their beginnings in the Eocene period, when they were of small size. Prof. H. F. Osborn formed the plan and President Morris K. Jesup generously contributed the chief expenses of the expedition.

The party, including Professor Osborn and two assistants, Walter Granger and George Olsen, both well trained in Rocky Mountain exploration, left New York on January 5, and reached Cairo on January 23. Liberally assisted by the Egyptian Geological Survey, the large camel caravan was ready to start on January 29th, fully equipped with tents, tools, and especially with the *fantasses*, or water tanks. An indirect route was chosen southward along the edge of the desert and past the pyramids, to observe the excavations which are being conducted on such a vast scale, and the methods of Egyptian labor. At a point about thirty miles due south of Cairo and the great pyramids of Giza, the party, which now included Hartley I. Ferrar, formerly geologist of the British Antarctic expedition, stopped for a day near the Pyramids of Lisht. Here they were entertained by Dr. A. M. Lythgow, who is just beginning at this point his excavations in the interests of the Metropolitan Museum of Art. Dr. Lythgow, who has had a long training in Egyptian excavation, is fitting up his quarters in a simple and inexpensive but thoroughly scientific manner, in preparation for a long campaign, similar to that which Dr. Reissner, another American, is so ably conducting around the Giza pyramids. The route now lay northwest to the northern border of the Fayûm oasis. The nearest exposures were reached on February 5, exactly one month after leaving New York. In plain view were the lines of previous excavation, formerly reserved by the Egyptian Survey, but now hospitably released for our excavations.

Here a permanent camp was made, overlooking the ruins of the ancient city of Dimeh, eight miles to the south, with Birket el Kurûn beyond. The waters of this lake are unfit for either men or animals, and after exhausting some temporary rain pools, which soon evaporated, the party was dependent upon a water supply carried on a three or four-day journey by camel. Thus the water caravans were constantly moving forward and backward. At first there was difficulty in getting competent laborers; but Dr. J. E. Quibell, who is in charge of the field explorations of the Cairo Museum and every season is employing a large number of men who come down the Nile from Kuft, near Luxor, kindly volunteered to lend us twelve of his skilled excavators. These natives are in demand all along the river because they have received training from boyhood under Dr. W. Flinders Petrie, and especially in recent years under Dr. Reissner, who is famous as a disciplinarian. The swarthy men and boys of Kuft passed from archæology to palæontology in the most natural manner, and after two days' instruction treated the fragile remains of the diminutive ancestral elephant with as great tenderness as if they were handling a mummified king or a delicate roll of papyrus.

While Mr. Granger and Mr. Olsen were educating the force of seventeen natives in the refined methods of work which are absolutely essential to success, Professor Osborn, accompanied by Mr. Ferrar, made a thorough reconnaissance of the whole fossil field, a distance east and west of about forty-five miles, in order to determine the scope of the work and to decide upon what level to make the principal attack. After ten days of continuous search in the quarries first opened, it became evident that the expedition would be successful not only in bringing back perfect remains of the animals already known, but in adding to this ancient life of Egypt a number of animals hitherto unknown and undiscovered.

The Museum camp is now equipped for the months of March and April and as much of May as the temperature will permit, with a water caravan of eight camels, and a force of twenty excavators who will gain in efficiency every day. As the boxes are filled they will be transported directly by "ships of the desert" to Giza, a distance of forty-five miles. In the Survey buildings they will be repacked for the still more severe jolting of the journey to New York. In about a year from now we may expect to see the remote and diminutive African ancestors of the elephants placed beside their towering American offspring in the halls of our Museum.

H. F. O.

Anthropophyteia: Jahrbücher für Folkloristische Erhebungen und Forschungen zur Entwicklunggeschichte der geschlechtlichen Moral. Von Friedrich S. Krauss. III. Band; 449 plates. Leipzig: Deutsche Verlagsactiengesellschaft; privately printed in numbered copies.

Der Volksmund: Alte und neue Beiträge zur Volksforschung, herausgegeben von Dr. Friedrich S. Krauss. Leipzig: Deutsche Verlagsactiengesellschaft.

The third volume of "Anthropophyteia," the great work on sexual folklore, just issued, is edited by Dr. Friedrich S. Krauss of Vienna, the distinguished South Slavic ethnologist; and among the collaborators are such specialists as Achelis, Bloch, Herrmann of Budapest, Pitré, Robinsohn, the late Dr. Obst of Leipzig, and our own Dr. Boas of New York. The edition is limited, for the use of students only. In this most important, and yet most difficult and repellent, department of ethnologic investigation the purpose of the work is to cover the whole field, but with more special attention to Europe, particularly the Balkan peninsula, for which Dr. Krauss is himself our best authority. The scope of inquiry ranges from primitive anthropology to modern—and decadent—civilization, through myth, ritual, song, story, and proverb. Among the special topics treated, concerning which it is obviously impossible to particularize, may be noted phallic survivals, supernatural conception, betrothal and marriage customs, sexual hospitality, the *jus primæ noctis*, erotic dances, erotic tattooing, puberty, pregnancy, and childbirth customs and beliefs, love charms, and proverbs. Previous volumes have treated of South Germany, Italy, Sicily, Hungary, the Gypsies, and the Balkan provinces. The present volume deals chiefly with Elsass, upper Austria, Servia, and the Magyars. The illustrative texts are given in Magyar, Servian, and German, frequently in dialectic forms, with accompanying glossaries, rendering the work of great value to the philologist as well as to the ethnologist.

To the student of civilization the work is a revelation. Many of the myths and customs recorded as still existing, particularly in the Balkan States, have unquestionably come down from remote pre-Christian antiquity, and many others, as ancient in origin and crude in manifestation, are but recently extinct. Indeed, the pervading bestiality of daily life and thought throughout whole provinces of southeastern Europe must be a subject of deep concern to all interested in the uplifting of the race.

In the Volksmund series which Dr. Krauss is editing, of which six booklets have already been issued, we have one of the most interesting collections of South German folk literature which have appeared in many years. Two of the five volumes consist of dialect songs gathered in the mountain region of upper Austria by Schottky, Ziska, Blümml, and Krauss himself, with the music of the most characteristic, and an ample glossary of the dialectic forms. They cover the whole range of cradle songs, child songs, festival songs, comic, hunting, and love songs, together with a number of the peculiar dance verses known as *Schnaderhüpfel*, and supposed to be fragments of ancient rituals. Two others of the series consist of comic tales of the "road shortener" (*Wegkürzer*) order, by Montanus and Frey, sixteenth century writers. Both have the coarseness of the period, but Frey is of somewhat higher literary standard. Number four of the series is a reëditing of Ziska's Austrian folk tales from the Schneeberg mountains, first published in 1822, together with a number of songs and song games, greetings, prayer formulas, etc., from the same region, all in the local dialect, with explanatory introduction and glossary, by Wurth and Blümml. The sixth volume, "Gypsy Humor," by Krauss himself, is a collection of jokes, anecdotes, and folklore tales illustrative of the simple wit and happy improvidence of the Austrian Gypsies, under whose tents the doctor in earlier years spent many an evening.

The first step has recently been taken in actually proving what species of jungle fowl formed the ancestor of our domestic poultry. Darwin and most other naturalists since his time have taken it for granted that it was the Red Jungle Fowl (*Gallus gallus*), but the Ceylon bird (*G. stanleyii*) has had many supporters. The Ceylon Poultry Club has just published in "Spolia Zeylonica" an account of efforts to hybridize the wild jungle fowl and the domestic birds. After many unsuccessful attempts it was found impossible to obtain fertile eggs when a domestic cock was mated with a jungle female, but from a wild cock and domestic hen numerous hybrids of both sexes were hatched. Finally—and this is the crucial point of the whole experiment—the mating of two of these hybrids gave negative results, as was also the case when a hybrid female was mated back with a wild cock. From these important experiments we may infer that it is improbable that the Ceylon Jungle Fowl has had any direct part

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in the establishment of our various races of domestic fowls.

The report of work accomplished at the Solar Physics Observatory, South Kensington, to December 31, 1906, is now sent out by Sir Norman Lockyer. It embraces an account of laboratory work, and of observations of sun-spot spectra; a summary of results at the Maharajah Takhtasinghi Observatory at Poona and at Kodaikanal; and of night-work at South Kensington. Sun photographs have been made with the photoheliograph at Dehra Dûn, and others at Mauritius, both of which are here reported. The spectroheliograph has been in use daily, and there has been an interchange of results between South Kensington and Kodaikanal. The staff of the observatory, which includes Dr. W. J. S. Lockyer, and several assistants, has been busy throughout the year in preparing and publishing numerous papers on a great variety of astrophysical subjects.

The Eleventh International Anti-Alcoholic Congress will convene in Stockholm July 28 to August 3. The preliminary programme includes the discussion of technical papers on all the leading problems of alcoholism, and a number of general meetings in which the subjects will be discussed in a popular way.

Pierre Eugène Marcellin Berthelot, the distinguished French professor of chemistry, died Monday in Paris. He was born in Paris in 1827, and educated at the Collège Henri IV. When only four years old he was a pupil of Renan, with whom his friendship lasted until Renan's death. In 1860, Berthelot entered upon his scientific career as professor of organic chemistry at the École de Pharmacie, and in 1865 a chair of chemistry was established for him in the Collège de France. His connection with this institution lasted until his death. He became a member of the Institute in 1873, and in 1889 he was made life secretary of the Academy of Sciences. He was one of the pioneers of organic synthesis, and his work in the determination of the carbon groups was one of the largest contributions to chemical science that had been made in the last fifty years. Among his discoveries were acetylene gas and smokeless powder. The science of thermo-chemistry is largely built upon his initial experiments. In addition to his scientific interests, Berthelot took some part in national politics. He was Minister of Public Instruction from 1886-1887, and Minister of Foreign Affairs in the Bourgeois Cabinet from 1895 to 1896. He was a member of the Legion of Honor, and of various French and foreign literary and scientific societies. Among his many published works may be mentioned the following: "Chimie organique fondée sur la synthèse," 1860; "Leçons sur les méthodes générales de synthèse," 1864; "La force de la poudre et des matières explosives," 1871; "Essai de méchanique chimique fondée sur la thermo-chimie," 1879; "Science et philosophie," 1886; "Introduction à l'étude de la chimie des Anciens et du Moyen-âge," 1889; "Correspondance avec Renan," 1898; "Chimie végétale et agricole," 1889. It was said of Berthelot that, like Renan and Pasteur, the man in him transcended the scientist, and made him as beloved as he was eminent. His jubilee, celebrated at the Sorbonne, was an occasion of national interest; and the Chamber of Deputies has voted him a national funeral.

Dr. Mathias Marie Duval, Professor of Histology at the Paris Faculté de Médicine and at the École d'Anthropologie, has just died in his sixty-third year. He wrote on the use of the microscope in diagnosis. One of his best-known books is "Le Darwinisme," 1885.

John Hill Brinton, a surgeon of international reputation, died on Sunday at Philadelphia. Dr. Brinton was born in 1832. After acting as medical director with Grant of the Army of the Tennessee, in the civil war, he was assigned as surgeon-general at Washington, and prepared under orders "The Surgical History of the Rebellion." He founded the Army Medical Museum; he was one of the chief surgeons of the Jefferson Hospital and College; and he was founder of the Pathological Society of Philadelphia.

Drama.

ERMETE NOVELLI.

The engagement of the famous Italian actor, Ermete Novelli, began brilliantly in the Lyric Theatre on Monday evening, when the house was crowded by his enthusiastic compatriots. "Papa Lebonnard," an adaptation of a French play by Jean Aicard, in which Novelli elected to make his first appearance, is not a particularly agreeable or convincing story, but it does provide him with an attractive part, in which humor, passion, and pathos are skilfully blended. It was written originally for the elder Coquelin, who was only moderately successful in it, doubtless because the note of sincerity is lacking in both his pathos and his passion. Lebonnard is an affectionate old fellow, a rich retired clockmaker, who still plies his trade in private and cares nothing for society, its ways or its rewards. He wishes his daughter, Jeanne, to marry the young physician whom she loves, but her mother and brother Robert are ambitious and insist upon her accepting a marquis whom she despises. The theme is Bœotian in its simplicity and antiquity. The doctor confesses that he is an illegitimate son, a fact to which Lebonnard and Jeanne are quite indifferent; but Mme. Lebonnard and her son are furious, and the former assails her husband so vehemently that he, mild man as he is, turns upon her, accuses her of prolonged infidelity, and avows the knowledge that their supposed son is none of his. In his rage the old man takes his wife by the throat just as her son enters the room. The boy angrily denounces his reputed father, who, thereupon, in a frenzy of rage, proclaims him a bastard. It is inconceivable that Lebonnard should have kept such a secret so long, but the crisis, from the point of view of the theatre, is a valuable one, and it is interpreted by Signor Novelli and his company with a vivid realism that creates great enthusiasm. After this climax the last act, devoted to scenes of reconciliation, falls rather flat.

Signor Novelli impersonated the old bourgeois clockmaker to the life. His dress, his carriage, his deprecatory smiling manner, his brief moments of rebellion, his confidential tenderness with his daughter, his chuckling humor, all contributed to the perfection of a delightful character study, finished with admirable neatness and great fulness of detail. The picture, perhaps, suffered a little from elaboration of detail. Signor Novelli has a wonderfully mobile face, over which he has absolute control. He appears to find great pleasure in exhibiting its transformations, which sometimes exceed the modesty of nature. But undoubtedly his free facial play is a great illumination of his acting. He led up to his final burst of passion with great skill, marking each accession of wrath, until all the pent-up energy broke forth in a flood. It was a fine exhibition of reckless anger, but was distinctly melodramatic, not tragic. The pathos of his reconciliation scene was chiefly upon the surface. The physical denotements of intense grief were all presented with great accuracy, but there was more suggestion of art than abandonment in the sorrow, although he drew copious tributes of tears.

On Tuesday evening Signor Novelli appeared as King Lear, presenting the tragedy in an arrangement of seven acts, each act constituting a scene. By this means some time in representation is saved at the cost of intelligibility. But the outlines of the original are fairly well preserved, though the text, as might be supposed, undergoes some strange transformations. It is often quite impossible, of course, even to suggest the spirit of the Shakespearean vernacular in Italian. On this account the free cutting of the text is, perhaps, rather a cause for congratulation than otherwise. Less of it is spoiled. Manifestly it would be absurd to judge Signor Novelli's impersonation of the old king by the best traditions of the English-speaking stage. As a matter of fact, it is in the earlier acts as un-English, and as un-Shakespearean, as could easily be imagined. Something of the same sort, but with less justice, was said of Salvini's Lear, but the latter—whether by inspiration or special study does not much matter—was infinitely nearer to the accepted ideal of the part. It possessed a certain natural majesty, the repose of assured authority, which made the subsequent ruin all the more pathetic. Moreover, it was cast in a more heroic mould, was inspired by grander passion, and torn by more profound emotions. Salvini's Lear was stately, even in abject misery, and all the more profoundly pitiful. Novelli's is melodramatic, hysterical, picturesque, and, at times, wonderfully human, but it is not in the highest sense tragic. Its multiplicity of pose, its innumerable and rapid transitions, its profuse gesticulation, its studied effects, in a word, its intense theatricality, stamp it irrevocably as a work of great cleverness, but not of genius. Wholly apart from its manifold errors of conception, it exhibits neither the tragic fury nor the melting pathos of Edwin Booth's Lear. Nevertheless, it has many fine moments, especially in the mad scenes, which are full of ingenious and illuminative interpretation, and are executed with superb technical skill. If Signor Novelli were less clever he would be more convincing. Even the effect of the famous curse upon Goneril, which he delivers

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with fiery vehemence, is marred by too elaborate stage business. On the whole, his Lear is a disappointment. It remains to be seen what he can do with Othello.

John Raphael is making the English version of "Les Bouffons," in which Maude Adams is to play in New York the part which Sarah Bernhardt acted in Paris.

Music.

The Violin. By Abele and Niederheitmann. Translated from the German by John Broadhouse. Imported by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. 75 cents net.

The history of woman's dress hardly shows a greater variety of shapes, not a few of them barbarous or grotesque, than the history of the violin. But while dress is still in a perpetual state of change, the violin long ago reached the final stage in its evolution. Every minute detail in its shape and structure has its reason for being, and the slightest deviation from the curvature of the sides or the back, or belly, or change in the shape of the *f*-holes, affects the nature of the vibrations and results in deterioration. It makes a world of difference, too, what sorts of wood are used. Some years ago the French expert in acoustics, Savart, sought to discover the great secret of violin making by a series of experiments. He changed the details of shape, tried every conceivable kind of wood, as well as silver, copper, and brass, but finally concluded that the violin model left us by the old Italians is the best that has been or is ever likely to be found.

In this little book on the violin, which has been excellently translated, interesting details are given regarding Savart's experiments and the practices of the old Italian masters, whose unerring instinct thus led them, as far back as the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, to create perfect violins at a time when most of the other instruments used in our homes and concert halls were still in their infancy. The skill of the masters of the Cremona school amounted to positive genius. It is not merely the varnish, or the length of time which the instruments have been in use, that account for the superiority of the Cremona violins; the varnish has been chemically reproduced, and there is a first-class Stradivarius which for more than a century no bow has touched. There was an acoustic instinct that guided the builders, and if Stradivarius surpassed all the others this is due in large part to his infinite capacity for taking pains; he always "wrought out the minutest detail with the greatest possible perfection." The differences in construction and tone in the instruments of all the most famous makers are concisely and reliably indicated in the current volume, and there are also biographic details. In the introductory section the authors sketch the history of the violin; they trace it to the rebek of the Arabians, rejecting the theory that the crouth had an effect on the construction of the violin. Documentary reference to the violin's predecessors is surprisingly scarce before the sixteenth century. This lack the authors plausibly attribute to the fact that before that date the *Spielleute*, or players upon instruments (the organ excepted), were for the most part of the despised class of minstrels, of whom dignified writers were not expected to take serious notice.

Oscar Hammerstein began his first opera season at the Manhattan with casts strong in men but weak in women singers. He did not prosper until Nellie Melba joined his forces. She makes her last appearance on March 25, and two days later Emma Calvé will be heard at the Manhattan in "Carmen," which has already been sung there fourteen times since December. For next season Hammerstein has a formidable array of singers—Melba, Calvé, Nordica, Schumann-Heink, Bressler-Gianoli, Trentini, De Cisneros, and Giaconia; and, among the men, Bonci, Bassi, Renaud, Dalmores, Sammarco, Ancona, Gilibert, and Arimondi. He ought to have a stronger bass: Edouard de Reszke, for example. The scope of the Hammerstein performances is to be greatly enlarged. Whereas he limited himself this season to the more popular Italian and French operas, with a few revivals of former favorites, he is to have, next winter, genuine German opera and French opéra comique. Four or five of Wagner's operas are to be under Campanini, an excellent interpreter of that master's works—which it will be of special interest to hear under the favorable acoustic conditions of the Manhattan. Of equal interest will be the transplanting to American soil of some of the artists and the operas of the modern French opéra comique. Among the most successful of these operas in Paris are Charpentier's "Louise," Debussy's "Pelléas et Mélisande," and "Aphrodité." How they will be received here remains to be seen. M. Perier and Mary Garden have been engaged. The Hammerstein season is to begin on November 4 and last twenty weeks.

Heinrich Conried has not yet announced his principals and plans for next year at the Metropolitan, but he will have Caruso and nearly all the leading artists in this year's company. Indeed, it is intimated that not only will the Metropolitan season be extended by three weeks, but there will be subscription performances on Thursdays, as well as on Mondays, Wednesdays, Fridays, and Saturdays. Several works are to be added to the Italian repertory, and there is to be a complete cycle of Wagner's operas, from "Rienzi" to "Parsifal." Fears have been expressed of an operatic surfeit, but the present indications are that New York's appetite for music is insatiable. The climax and finale of the Metropolitan season is the Nibelung cycle, which began on Tuesday, and ends next week, to be followed, on Good Friday, by "Parsifal."

The Mozart and Wagner festivals are to be repeated this year at the Prince Regent Theatre, in Munich, from August 1 until September 14. There will be six Mozart and twenty Wagner performances. "Don Juan" will be given on August 1 and 7; the "Marriage of Figaro" on August 3 and 9, and "Cosi fan tutte" on August 5 and 11. The Wagner performances will be given on the following days: "Tristan and Isolde" on August 12, 21, 26, and on September 7; the first performance of the "Ring" August 14, 15, 17, and 19; "Tannhäuser" August 23, September 4; "Meistersinger" August 24, September 5; second performance of the "Ring" August 28, 29, 31, and September 2; the third performance of the "Ring" September 9, 10, 12, and 14.

Maurice Grau, predecessor of Heinrich Conried as manager of the Metropolitan Opera House, died in Paris last Thursday. Born at Brünn, Austria, in 1849, he was brought to New York at the age of five by his parents. He studied law, but interest in dramatic affairs created by association with his uncle, Jacob Grau, led him to abandon the law before being admitted to the Bar. For some years he remained in his uncle's employment in various capacities. In 1872 he began with an enterprise of his own, bringing Almée to this country. The same year he managed Rubinstein and Wieniawski, who made a successful tour with the Thomas orchestra. In 1873 he formed the Clara Louise Kellogg English Opera Company. After various ventures, not always profitable, he formed a partnership with Abbey and Schoeffel, in May, 1882; and the projectors of the Metropolitan Opera House, in opposition to Col. J. H. Mapleson at the old Academy of Music, chose this firm to manage the enterprise. The season of 1883-84 was the first in which the rival companies were pitted against each other. This plunge into grand opera was a disastrous experiment for Abbey, Schoeffel & Grau. They lost $250,000 and returned to theatrical management. At last in May, 1897, the Maurice Grau Opera Company was organized. From that time Mr. Grau managed the affairs of the Metropolitan with increasing success until the spring of 1903, when ill health compelled him to retire, and Mr. Conried was chosen as his successor. Mr. Grau's most notable achievements were the introduction of star casts and of the custom of having each opera sung in the language in which it was written. Before him "star opera" meant one star and several mediocrities; under him it meant a cast including three, four, or five world-famed singers. He was for years strongly prejudiced against Wagner and German opera. Walter Damrosch, shrewd enough to take advantage of his folly, gave a season of Wagner opera, which was so successful that Mr. Grau's eyes were opened, and thenceforth he bestowed the same careful attention on German as on Italian and French opera.

Fritz Scheel, conductor of the Philadelphia Orchestra, died at Philadelphia March 13. He was born at Lubeck, Germany, in 1852. His father and grandfather had directed small orchestras in and near his native place, and thus from early childhood he was familiar with the instruments of the orchestra. His special study was the violin, but he learned also to play the horn, trumpet, trombone, and tuba. After he had conducted concerts at Chemnitz, Hamburg, and other places in Germany, he began his American career as conductor of the Trocadero concerts, at the Columbian Exposition. From Chicago he went to San Francisco, eventually becoming conductor of the local Symphony Society. In 1900 he settled permanently in Philadelphia. Later he organized the Philadelphia Orchestra Association, and was its conductor until a few weeks before his death.

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Art.

The Life, Letters, and Work of Frederic Leighton. By Mrs. Russell Barrington. 2 vols. New York: The Macmillan Co. $10.50 net.

Although this profusely illustrated book, in two great volumes, may fairly be called "sumptuous," it cannot be called a worthy monument to its subject. Its author has little critical acumen or severity of taste; it is rambling and repetitious; padded with much matter of little interest as presented; marred by mistranslations of foreign tongues, misunderstanding of technical terms, faulty transcription of proper names, and careless proofreading. On so important a matter as the technical method of painting deliberately adopted, after many experiments, by Leighton and his friend, Giovanni Costa, it is quite unintelligible. Of the kind of errors that abound in it, one specimen shall suffice. The name of the painter Couture occurs several times, and is spelt Conture, in both text and index, except in one instance. That one instnce is entered in the table of errata to the first volume, "*for* 'Couture' *read,* 'Conture.' " Nevertheless, the book affords sufficient information about a brilliant and important figure in nineteenth-century painting, and a sufficient number of good reproductions of his works, to make it a welcome addition to the library of the student of art.

Probably no other painter, since the art of painting was invented, ever received such splendid material rewards for the exercise of his talents as did Frederic Leighton, Baron Leighton of Stretton, president of the Royal Academy, commander of the Legion of Honor, associate of the Institute of France, member of most of the academies of Europe, doctor of this or that in half-a-dozen universities, knight of many orders, man of wealth, friend of princes—a person of distinction and the highest social standing wherever he might find himself. Perhaps it is partly for this very reason that many critics and painters are inclined to deny him those less material rewards of permanent fame and abiding influence which they would bestow on some less successful men. The very qualities which so greatly aided his career—his good looks, his accomplishments, his personal charm—have tended to obscure his real artistic talent. He did so many things so well that people might be excused for forgetting that he "painted too," as Whistler phrased it—whether as a sneer at the artist or as a rebuke of his superficial admirers, it is difficult to say. He was so eminently and obviously the proper person for the head of an academy that his art is dubbed "merely academic" and safely disposed of.

How early he was marked out for his great office is surprising. As a youngster at Rome, before his first picture had been exhibited, Thackeray met him, and at once set him down as Millais's only serious rival. Later, in London, before and at the time of his election as associate, his future destiny seems to have been a matter of common talk. It was impossible not to recognize the fitness of the only Englishman who ever really knew how to draw the human figure, when that Englishman was also a cultivated gentleman, a linguist, a musician, an effective writer and speaker, an extremely handsome man, and a person of winning manners. Better than all these things, he was a man of pure and lofty character, not only honorable and conscientious, but broad-minded and tender-hearted, full of charity and the milk of human kindness, an ornament to any profession and to any walk in life.

Born at Scarborough in 1830, of a good family, the son of a physician who had given up practice and lived the life of a scholar, Leighton was educated abroad, being little in England from the time he was ten years old until he settled in London in 1859. All his life he remained a traveller, and was almost as often in Italy as at home. His father wisely insisted on his attaining a good classical and general education before devoting himself to art, and though he seems to have begun his serious artistic training in Florence in 1842 and to have become the pupil of Steinle of Frankfort in 1843, it was not until he was seventeen that he was allowed to give his whole time to his future profession. He remained with Steinle, or under his direct influence, until 1852, and he always referred to that influence as having set upon his own art "the ineffaceable seal." Steinle was an offshoot of the German Nazarenes, an admirer and, in some sense, a follower of Cornelius and Overbeck; but his own classicism seems to have been of a much less pompous and artificial sort than theirs. His was a pure and gentle spirit, and he filled his pupil with lofty ideals of devotion to the highest in art. Technically, his chief insistence must have been upon absolute perfection of drawing. Any specifically German accent that Leighton may have acquired from him rapidly disappeared when his immediate influence was removed; but to him the young man undoubtedly owed that thoroughness of education in form which made him a unique figure in England and the equal of the best-trained artists anywhere.

In 1852 he went to Rome, and the next year or two he devoted to the painting of his first important picture, Cimabue's Madonna Carried in Procession through the Streets of Florence, which was exhibited in the Royal Academy in 1855, a more ambitious work in size and in the number of figures it contained than any other work of his except The Daphnephoria of 1876. It met with instantaneous success, was praised by artists and critics, and bought by the Queen. The opponents of Preraphaelitism were delighted to find a young man not of the Brotherhood who was the equal of Hunt and Millais in ability, while the mediævalism of subject and carefulness of detail evinced in the picture pleased the Preraphaelites and their great advocate, Ruskin. The success was too great to be at once repeated, and for some years we hear of pictures rejected or badly hung and of adverse comments in the press. Probably the pictures were not so good as the Cimabue—some of them have never reappeared—they were transitional works in which the real Frederic Leighton was disengaging himself from the pupil of Steinle. The mediævalism went first—the very year after Cimabue he painted a Pan, a Venus, and an Orpheus; though in a freakish spirit, inconceivable a little later, he gives his Orpheus a violin instead of a lyre. The whole transition can have taken but a short time, and from the early sixties to his death he is always essentially the same. He was elected an associate in 1864 and an Academician in 1869, made president of the Academy and knighted in 1878, promoted to a baronetcy in 1886, and to the peerage on January 1, 1896, less than a month before his death.

Whether the art of Leighton is rightly to be called academic depends, of course, on the meaning one attaches to that term. Nowadays it has become a handy missile for the half-educated, the raw emotionalist, or the delighter in paint for paint's sake, to fling at all balanced, restrained, or accomplished art, from Raphael to Ver Meer of Delft. Because certain things must be learned, it is assumed that anybody may learn them; because a work of art shows training, it is assumed that there was nothing there to train; the possession of taste is treated as proof of the absence of talent. We shall yet hear Whistler called academic by the more extravagant of the modern advocates of slap-dash. In the sense that his art was studied, polished, restrained, always governed by taste and always avoiding excesses; in the sense that it showed the good breeding of a gentleman and the learning of a scholar, not to be acquired in a week or two, Leighton was certainly academic. Indeed, it may be doubted if any of his contemporaries but Paul Baudry was his equal in academic accomplishment. But it does not follow that he was nothing else, and that there was no real emotion behind his measured utterance.

Even of such truly academic painters as Cabanel or Bouguereau it is absurd to suppose that their work is the result of mere training. Hundreds of men had the same training without the intelligence and the gifts of eye and hand which enabled them to profit by it. Drawing is no more to be learned without an eye for form than is music without an ear for tone, and great natural gifts are as necessary as industry to the attainment of even respectable mastery in it. But Leighton's drawing, at its best, has a quality entirely distinct from the cold perfection of Bouguereau's or the photographic accuracy of Gérôme's. There are many evidences in the English painter's letters that he was keenly sensitive to beauty and was greatly moved by it, but such evidences are not to be found in the letters alone—his paintings and drawings are full of them. His early drawings of foliage and flowers are delightful, and in his later work he attained to an ideal beauty in the representation of the human figure which is more nearly Greek than anything else in nineteenth century art. His few works in sculpture have been rated very high by professional sculptors, but let us rather consider a few of the figures he painted. Look at the massive, the truly monumental, dignity of his Clytemnestra, as she watches from the battlements of Argos for the beacon fires which shall announce the return of her husband; a grand figure, titanic in bulk but nobly severe in line, a very embodiment of the spirit of antique tragedy. Look at the full-blown, gracious ripeness, languorous and heavy, of those two lovely sleepers in The Summer Moon. Look at the youthful suppleness of

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the Antique Juggling Girl, her clean, round limbs as smoothly modelled as a Pompeian bronze; or at the exquisite, delicate slenderness of the Psyche, her flower-like body gleaming between the marble columns and reflected in the limpid element below. The creator of such figures as these, and of many others only less beautiful, is a great artist—an artist of power, of sensitiveness, and of style.

And note that it makes very little difference what these figures are called. Leighton has been accused, among other things of being a "literary painter," and of serving up to the British public its beloved anecdote slightly disguised with a Greek sauce. The accusation might not seem very terrible even if it were true—since Michelangelo and Rembrandt might tell stories without derogation, why not a lesser man? The question, after all, is not whether one tells stories but how one tells them. But, at least in the pictures just mentioned, the accusation is not true. Only one of these figures, the Clytemnestra, has any definite story connected with it, and one imagines that even there the figure may easily have been invented first and the story fitted to it afterward. The stately amplitude of the erect form, the tenseness of the rigid arms and clutched hands, the columnar effect of the whole, accented by and contrasted with the ripple and flow of the finely divided draperies—these are the things that count. Call her after any other tragic heroine and the result would be the same. The others are even more frankly renderings of a type and an attitude of the human figure, two women sleeping, a girl juggling with balls, a young woman disrobing for the bath. Of this sort are Summer Slumber, Flaming June, Clytie, and most emphatically of this sort are his essays in sculpture, The Athlete Struggling with a Python, the Sluggard, the Needless Alarms. All these are as purely artistic in inspiration, as little dependent on anything external to themselves for their effect, as any "symphony" or "arrangement" of Whistler's.

It might be more reasonably objected to these works that their inspiration is rather sculptural than pictorial, but there are still people in the world who will not consent that sculpture shall have the monopoly of beautiful form, or that the art of painting shall be robbed of half her immemorial domain, because its borders touch upon the confines of her sister's estate. And if the figures themselves might have been executed in marble or bronze, losing little thereby, there is in almost every case an arrangement of background and accessory, a use of landscape, an addition of light and shade and an enhancement by color, which are purely pictorial. No, the best of Leighton's works may fairly be called masterpieces of the painter's art, and their creator a master.

If he is not so successful in his larger and more ambitious works it is not because they tell a story or depict an incident, but because he was not a master of composition, and is seldom quite felicitous in his arrangement of more than one or two figures. Some of the pictures which most clearly show his besetting faults have no more subject than the Juggling Girl; the Greek Girls Picking up Shells by the Seashore, for example. Here each of the figures is the study of a movement, each is beautifully and interestingly arranged, but there is no bond of union between them, no grouping, no large and general sweep of line or apportionment of space. Their juxtaposition is so accidental and each exists so entirely for itself that one regrets that a slight overlapping here and there prevents the picture being cut into four, any one of which would be more effective than the whole. One could then enjoy the beauty of the individual figures without being irritated by their lack of coördination. Not all Leighton's major compositions are as ill put together as this—the Heracles Struggling with Death for the Body of Alcestis, for instance, is even extremely well put together—but they are *put together*. The whole scheme has not been *seen*, in its entirety, and the details developed from it—rather the separately seen details have been played about until a not unpleasing arrangement is achieved. The difference is radical. One does not expect the visionary lucidity, the astounding clairvoyance, of a Rembrandt—that is something altogether exceptional and to be thankfully received as such—but no man is a composer who has not something of that grasp of an ensemble which mark Raphael and Veronese, which Baudry had, and Millet, and many another and smaller man, and of this Leighton had very little.

It was perhaps his limited sense of composition, his lack of feeling for large guiding lines and simple masses, more than his method of work, which was responsible for another of his faults strongly exemplified in the Girls Picking up Shells. In that picture, as in the Greek Girls Playing at Ball, the draperies are supposed to be violently agitated by the wind, but they do not really fly—they are meticulously arranged in a myriad little folds that the wind would blow out of them in a moment, and their unsupported position is only to be accounted for on the supposition that they are of some rigid material like crumpled tin. The fault might be considered as merely the result of a lack of feeling for motion, were it not for two considerations: first, that the illusion of motion in art is entirely dependent on composition of line; and second, that Leighton's love for detail carries him into the same fault in the treatment of drapery in repose. In the best of his figures the many beautiful details of much divided drapery are yet duly subordinated to the total effect, but in other instances, as in the Fatidica, where the immobility of extreme dejection was to be depicted, this insistence on little things degenerates into an irritating wriggle of folds, which is almost entirely destructive of the effect aimed at.

Of Leighton's treatment of color it is more difficult to speak justly from an inspection of reproductions and the fading memories of originals seen long ago. Leighton himself, who was pretty well aware of his own strength and weakness, thought he had achieved his position as a draughtsman, "in spite of a fanatic preference for color." Yet the impression remains that he showed rather a fastidious choice and arrangement of beautiful colors than a true colorist's power, that his flesh painting was a bit waxy, and that he was too apt to harmonize his canvases by a general reddish tone, not altogether pleasant. Such as his coloring was, it was a distinct and necessary element of his work, not an after-thought, and he is far from those painters whose work is better in black and white reproduction than in the original. With Cabanel or Lefebvre the color is nugatory; with Gérôme it is an offence. With Leighton it is an essential part of the conception, and, often, a great addition to our pleasure.

It is given to few artists, however sincere, altogether to avoid the pot-boiler—the work done from routine, because work is expected from one and one's living is to be made—work conscientiously carried out and thoroughly craftsmanlike, perhaps, but into which the highest qualities of one's art hardly enter. It is work of this texture that most hurts an artist's reputation with the succeeding generation, and such work Lord Leighton, like others, produced. There are heads and figures of his which are excellently done in their way, but cold and smooth and characterless—things in which, whether by conscious concession to the popular taste or by a touch of national character in himself, his sense of beauty degenerates into a display of prettiness, doll-like and insipid. Is it necessary to dwell upon these? In the long run the best work of an artist gets itself sorted out, and upon that his reputation finally rests. If but a little of it is really excellent, the reputation is secure. To have created half a dozen beautiful and expressive figures is enough for any man, and Leighton has given us more than that number.

In the ceaseless flux of things, which we somewhat presumptuously call progress, one generation treads on the other's heels; and it is as natural that the young should sneer at their out-of-date elders as it is that these elders should be somewhat distrustful of the young until their ability is proved. The revolutionary of to-day is the obstructive of to-morrow, and has scarce done railing at his seniors before he is railed at in turn by his juniors. In our day the merry-go-round is moving briskly and a new "art of the future" is born every ten years or so. It may be that all new things are good, but do they cease to be good the moment something newer is in sight? Does a talent cease to exist the moment it is recognized, and does the putting of a letter or two after a name deprive the name itself of all significance? Let us by all means praise him who adds a field, however small, to the domain of art, but it is as well to keep a grip on the original acres. There are and will be, in spite of fashion, certain permanent elements of art, certain enduring forms of beauty, certain perennial sources of pleasure; and there are artists whose nature and whose duty it is rather to keep us in mind of these than to point out something else with much shouting. After all, are the new things always new and the young always infallible? David was as much a revolutionary in his day as the romanticists who tripped up his heels. Form is out of fashion, drawing is out of fashion, precision and delicacy of workmanship are out of fashion, and Leighton is out of fashion, too. The lover of beauty who has not to paint pictures or write criticisms does not much care and likes him as well as ever. As the whirligig goes round these things will come into fashion again, and then the critics will discover that Leighton, if not one of the world's great geniuses, was yet a true, a sincere, an

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accomplished artist, and one who created certain forms of beauty and distinction worthy to endure.

The sixth annual exhibition of the Municipal Art Society is open at the National Art Society until March 31.

An exhibition of prints by American and foreign artists is now open in the print rooms of the Lenox Library.

Among the dealers' exhibitions in this city are drawings and paintings by the late Walter Appleton Clarke at Knoedler & Co.'s, till March 23 inclusive; paintings by the Ten American Painters at Montross's, April 6; etchings by Anders Zorn at Heppel & Co.'s, April 13.

The Greek minister of education has informed the authorities of the district of Pyrgos, in which are the Olympian ruins, that early in the spring Dr. W. Dörpfeld, director of the German Archæological Institute in Athens, will again dig near the Altis and on the Alpheios. It is confidently expected that the deposits left by the overflow of the river will contain a number of important finds.

A Belgian archæological expedition under the leadership of Dr. Jean Caparts, conservator of the Royal Museum of Arts in Brussels, has just started for Egypt to make researches on the probable site of the ancient Heliopolis, the sun city of the Pharaohs. The territory granted for this purpose by the Egyptian Government covers about 1,000 hectares. The Belgian Government has granted this expedition, in which the Louvain archæologist Dr. Mathieu, and Ferdinand Mayence, member of the French Archæological Institute, will take part, money for three years.

A collection of paintings belonging to Judge Samuel L. Bronson of New Haven, Julius O. Frank of Milwaukee, and Theodore Marburg of Baltimore was sold at auction in this city last Friday evening by the American Art Association. The highest price paid was $25,000 for Turner's Battle of the Nile. Among the other interesting prices are the following: Alma-Tadema, The Ruins, $3,600; Baths of Caracalla, $20,000; Millet, The Gleaners, $5,000; A. Schreyer, Advancing Foe, $2,400; The Raid, $6,050; F. Ziem, The Ducal Palace, $2,300; Charles Jacque, Approaching Storm, $3,600; Bouguereau, Magdalen, $2,300; Nut Gatherers, $2,000; Premiers Bijoux, $3,000; Ridgway Knight, Edge of the Garden, $2,000; Willem Maris, Landscape and Cattle, $2,100; The Harbor, $5,200; Josef Israëls, The Little Gossips, $3,800; Neuhuys, Afternoon Nap, $2,500; The Churner, $5,000; Happy Family, $3,000; The New Toy, $5,100; The Seedman, $2,600; Mauve, The Timber Truck, $8,000; Constable, Grain Field, $5,500; Hoppner, Portrait of a Lady, $2,600; J. Crome, Old Windmill, $5,100; Gainsborough, Landscape and Cattle, $4,100; ascribed to Titian, Toilette of Venus, $2,100; Sir T. Lawrence, The Star, $3,600; Beechy, Duchess of Buckingham, $5,700.

Edouard Toudouze, the painter, died last Friday. Born in Paris in 1848, he was a pupil of Pils and Leloir. He first exhibited in the Salon of 1867, and in 1871 was awarded the Grand Prize of Rome. After several years in Italy he returned to France, and continued to send annually to the Salon pictures on mythological subjects and ancient history, as well as some landscapes. He obtained a medal of the third class in 1878, one of the second class in 1877, a silver medal at the Exposition of 1889, and he was decorated with the Cross of the Legion of Honor in 1892.

The death is announced of Just Becquet, the sculptor, in his seventy-sixth year. Born in Bensançon, he studied under Rude, and became after 1853 a regular exhibitor at the Salon. Among his best-known works are Faune jouant avec une Panthère, in the museum at Tours, Saint Sébastien, Christen Croix, Sœur Marthe, and busts of Victor Cousin and Père Decoudray.

Finance.

RISE IN THE VALUE OF MONEY.

The continuous advance in prices of commodities, and the recurrent, spasmodic, and at times violent, rise in the price of stocks with a speculative value, have been no more symptomatic of present economic conditions than the fall of high-grade securities—notably bonds of nations and cities, whose credit is unimpeachable. Such a sharp decline has occurred in the past week. Typical among sound investments, the world over, are British consols. This bond is of so high a quality, and in the past has been in such demand by investors who want absolute security, that as lately as 1897, while paying only 2¾ per cent., subject to deduction of the heavy British income tax, it sold on the London Stock Exchange at 113⅞, a price yielding less than 2½ per cent. to the investor. A few days ago, consols sold down to 84 11-16—not only the lowest price since the Boer war broke out, but actually the lowest since 1848.

There has been a similar shrinkage of values elsewhere. New York city's bonds—equally unquestioned—which six years ago, while paying 3½ per cent., were sold at 110, have declined so continuously that, even with the interest rate advanced to 4 per cent., they were placed at little more than par, and to-day are quoted below. Since the city is permitted by law to pay no higher interest than 4 per cent., and to accept no lower price than par, it is confronted by a real embarrassment. This week, an offer of 4 per cent. bonds by the city of St. Louis failed to attract better bids than par. Philadelphia, offering last Monday $5,000,000 of its 3½ per cent. bonds at par or higher, got no bid at all. Simultaneously, the price of high-grade railway bonds has been ebbing, even while shares of the same companies were rising rapidly on the Stock Exchange.

For this world-wide phenomenon, there have been local explanations: in the case of British consols, the Boer war issues and the reduction in the interest rate from 2¾ to 2½ per cent; in the case of cities, both in England and America, the extravagance of government and the profusion of new municipal issues. These influences are real, but they are only superficial. Economists and bankers of larger outlook find an explanation in the "rise in the value of money." This phrase, which is likely to become familiar hereafter in market diagnosis, is so striking, and yet so vague, that it calls for some careful examination. "Rise in the value of money" seems at first glance to conflict with the "depreciation of gold," lately explained in this column. "Money," however, in the phrase with which this article has to do, is not used in the sense of metallic currency, or even government paper. It means accumulated capital, wealth available on the market for investment or loans. When the existing supply of such surplus resources of a community is already tied up in active trade, in extensive building operations, in purchase of high-priced materials, in extravagant speculation, the bid for its use in industry must rise.

On the other hand, "rise in the value of money" is often confused with rise of the prevalent interest rate. This second condition is a frequent but not invariable accompaniment of the first. Value of money, as the phrase is here employed, rose decidedly during 1903; capital was extraordinarily difficult to procure for investment, and British consols, among all other high-grade securities, declined to what was then a "new low price" for the generation. Yet the rate for bank loans, here and abroad, ranged nearly all the year within normal figures. Four per cent. was the year's highest official rate at the Bank of England, and that was below the maximum of 1900 or 1901. Loans on time in the New York money market went during most of the year at a rate under 6 per cent.

The "rise in the value of money" was indicated, not through the bids of an overnight Stock Exchange borrower or a bidder for two months' loans, but through the

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concessions offered in price of old or new securities. Instead of accepting 4 per cent. railway bonds at par or higher, holders of capital exacted 6 per cent. on three-year notes of the companies, and the price of outstanding high-grade securities generally adjusted itself to the new arrangement. Where, twelve months before, the net yield at ruling prices to investors in good securities had been less than 4 per cent., it was possible in the middle of 1903 to earn 5 per cent. or more. Value of money had advanced, and precisely the same symptoms, displayed in the same quarters, are visible to-day. Again the price of the highest grade of securities has fallen most rapidly. The reason is obvious: when thoroughly sound securities can be obtained at a price netting 5 or 6 per cent., capital not only will not flow freely into government stock yielding 2½ or 3 per cent., but will be actually withdrawn from that quarter.

It is, then, plain enough why the price of high-grade bonds should decline in the era of prosperity. The fruits of incorporated industry are so large that it is ready to bid a higher price for the capital needed to conduct it. That stocks should frequently advance, at the very moment when high-grade bonds were declining, involves no inconsistency. Such an advance in stocks, during a period of expanding prosperity and industrial profit, reflects either higher dividends actually paid by the companies, as a result of that prosperity, or else expectation of such dividends. This advantage the bond with a fixed rate of interest cannot share. Bonds of incorporated companies incur less danger of default in interest in good times than in bad; and this fact is to a certain extent reflected in higher prices. But to a rise on this basis there is a limit, and with bonds of a high-grade government, not even this argument will apply. The investment in them is safe in any case; but even such a government, entering the market later to borrow more, may have to bow to the higher value of money, and sell another instalment of the very same bonds at a lower price. This action would, of course, bring down the market value of the outstanding bonds.

If one asks, how all this process is to end, the answer is easy. It has always ended, and it always will, when the inevitable reaction of trade and industry occurs; when business profits are reduced, and when dividends on stocks, instead of advancing, are cut down. At such times, capital is in so much slighter request that it flows freely into markets where lower yield, through a cut in dividends, is not threatened. Prudent investors then prefer the position of bond-holding creditors, rather than of stock-holding partners in railways or other enterprises. And, since decrease in earnings, carried to extremes, may conceivably jeopardize not only dividends but interest on a debt, demand becomes urgent for securities where no doubt as to safety exists. This, again, explains why in 1896, perhaps the low ebb of trade activity and of commercial prices during the past two decades, British consols rose to their high-record price of 113⅞.

The "Proceedings of the Thirty-second Annual Convention of the American Bankers' Association, held at St. Louis, Mo., October 16, 17, 18, and 19, 1906," have been edited by James R. Branch, one of the secretaries of the Association, and handsomely printed. The volume contains also the constitution and by-laws, with lists of officers and members, and other pertinent matter.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Abbot, Henry L. Problems of the Panama Canal. Macmillan Co. $2 net.
Abbott, Lyman. Christ's Secret of Happiness. Thomas Y. Crowell & Co. 75 cents net.
Askew, Alice and Claude. The Shulamite. Brentano's.
Ayres, Daisy Fitzhugh. The Conquest. Neale Publishing Co. $1.50.
Breasted, James Henry. Ancient Records of Egypt. Vol. V. University of Chicago Press. $2 net.
Bryce, James. Studies in History and Jurisprudence. 2 vols. Henry Frowde.
Caldwell, J. F. J. The Stranger. Neale Publishing Co. $1.50.
Calvert, Thomas H. Regulation of Commerce under the Federal Constitution. Northport, L. I.: Edward Thompson Co.
Carr, Sarah Pratt. The Iron Way. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.
Colestock, Henry Thomas. The Ministry of David Baldwin. Thomas Y. Crowell & Co. $1.50.
Correspondence of George Washington. Washington: Government Printing Office.
Cowen, Mrs. Philip. The Seder Service for Passover Eve in the Home. Philip Cowen.
Cram's Quick Reference Atlas and Gazetteer of the World. George F. Cram. $1.50.
Davenport, Frances Gardiner. The Economic Development of a Norfolk Manor. Cambridge: University Press. Putnams. $3.
Dining and its Amenities. Rebman Co. $2.50.
Donaldson, James. Woman: Her Position and Influence in Ancient Greece and Rome. Longmans. $1.60 net.
Eaton, Arthur Wentworth. The Lotus of the Nile and other Poems. Thomas Whittaker. $1 net.
Fernbach, R. Livingston. Glues and Gelatine. D. Van Nostrand Co. $3 net.
Field, Walter Taylor. Fingerposts to Children's Reading. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.
Fleming, Walter L. Documentary History of Reconstruction. Vol. II. Cleveland: Arthur H. Clark Co.
Futrelle, Jacques. The Thinking Machine. Dodd, Mead & Co. $1.50.
Guenther, Conrad. *Darwinism and the Problems of Life.* Translated by Joseph McCabe. Dutton. $3.50 net.
Gunter, Archibald Clavering. Mr. Barnes, American. Dodd, Mead & Co. $1.50.
Hadley, Arthur Twining. *Baccalaureate Addresses.* Scribners. $1 net.
Hall, Bolton. Three Acres and Liberty. Macmillan Co. $1.75 net.
Jones, J. Sparhawk. The Invisible Things. Longmans. $1.25 net.
Journals of the House of Burgesses of Virginia, 1766-1769. Edited by John P. Kennedy. Richmond, Va.
Kerr, Walter S. The Acadian Proscript: A Historical Drama. Oakland, Cal.: Harrington-McInnis Co.
King, Basil. The Giant's Strength. Harpers. $1.50.
Kirk, Ellen Olney. Marcia. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $1.50.
Kroeber, A. L. The Yokuts Language of South Central California. Berkeley: University Press.
Laird & Lee's Modern Penmanship. Chicago. $1.
Laughlin, Clara E. Felicity. Scribners.
Le Rossignol, James Edward. Orthodox Socialism. Thomas Y. Crowell & Co. $1 net.
Lock, Robert Heath. Recent Progress in the Study of Variation, Heredity, and Evolution. Dutton. $2 net.
Loomis, Charles Battell. A Bath in an English Tub. A. S. Barnes & Co.
Los Pastores: A Mexican Play of the Nativity. Translated by M. R. Cole. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $4 net.
Madden, John. Forest Friends. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.
Maeterlinck, Maurice. Joyzelle and Monna Vanna. Dodd, Mead & Co. $1.20 net.
Magill, Edward Hicks. Sixty-five Years in the Life of a Teacher. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $1.50 net.
Munro, William Bennett. The Seigniorial System in Canada. Longmans. $2 net.
New York State Museum. Insects Affecting Park and Woodland Trees. Albany.
Old Quadrangle: Edinburgh University. Edinburgh: William J. Hay.
Original Narratives of Early American History. Spanish Explorers in the Southern United States. Scribners. $3 net.
Oxenham, John. The Long Road. Macmillan Co. $1.50.
Pendexter, Hugh. Tiberius Smith. Harpers. $1.50.
Powell, Lyman P. Christian Science. Privately printed.
Reid, Whitelaw. The Greatest Fact in Modern History. Thomas Y. Crowell & Co. 75 cts. net.
Root, Edward Clary. The Unseen Jury. F. A. Stokes Co. $1.50.
Ryan, Marah Ellis. Indian Love Letters. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.
Sachse, Julius Friedrich. Benjamin Franklin as a Free Mason. Philadelphia.
Shakespeare's Much Ado about Nothing. Edited by Charlotte Porter and Helen A. Clarke. Thomas Y. Crowell & Co. 75 cts.
Sharpe, Reginald R. Memorials of Newgate Gaol. London.
Stoddart, Anna M. The Life of Isabella Bird (Mrs. Bishop). Dutton. $5 net.
Theodore M. Davis' Excavations: Bibân el Molûk. London: Archibald Constable & Co.
Thompson, Marshall Putnam. The Lieutenant, the Girl and the Viceroy. Boston: C. M. Clark Publishing Co.
Thrum, Thomas G. Hawaiian Folk Tales. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.
Thurston, E. Temple. Katherine. Harpers. $1.50.
Townsend, John Wilson. Richard Hickman Menefee. Neale Publishing Co. $3.
Twentieth Annual Report of the Interstate Commerce Commission. Washington.
Tyler, Lyon Gardiner. The Cradle of the Republic. Richmond, Va.: Hermitage Press.
Tynan, Katharine. The Story of Bawn. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.
Union Haggadah. Bloch Publishing Co. 25 cents.
Usher, Edward P. The Church's Attitude Towards Truth. Published by the Author.
Van Eeden, Frederik. *The Quest.* Boston: John W. Luce & Co.
Van Nostrand's Chemical Annual, 1907. Edited by John C. Olsen. D. Van Nostrand Co. $2.50 net.
Vernon, Ambrose White. The Religious Value of the Old Testament. Thomas Y. Crowell & Co. 90 cents net.
Walsh, James J. Makers of Modern Medicine. Fordham University Press. $1.
Wernicke, Alex. Kant . . . und kein Ende? Braunschweig.
Whitman, Roger B. Motor-Car Principles. Appleton. $1.25 net.
Who's Who in New York City and State. L. R. Hamersly & Co.
Winn, *Mary Polk and Margaret Hannis.* The Law and the Letter. Neale Publishing Co.
World's Classics: Holmes's Poet at the Breakfast Table.—Professor at the Breakfast-Table.—Scott's Lives of the Novelists.—Sheridan's Dramatic Works.—Burke's Works, Vol. III.—Thackeray's Pendennis, 2 vols. Henry Frowde.
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